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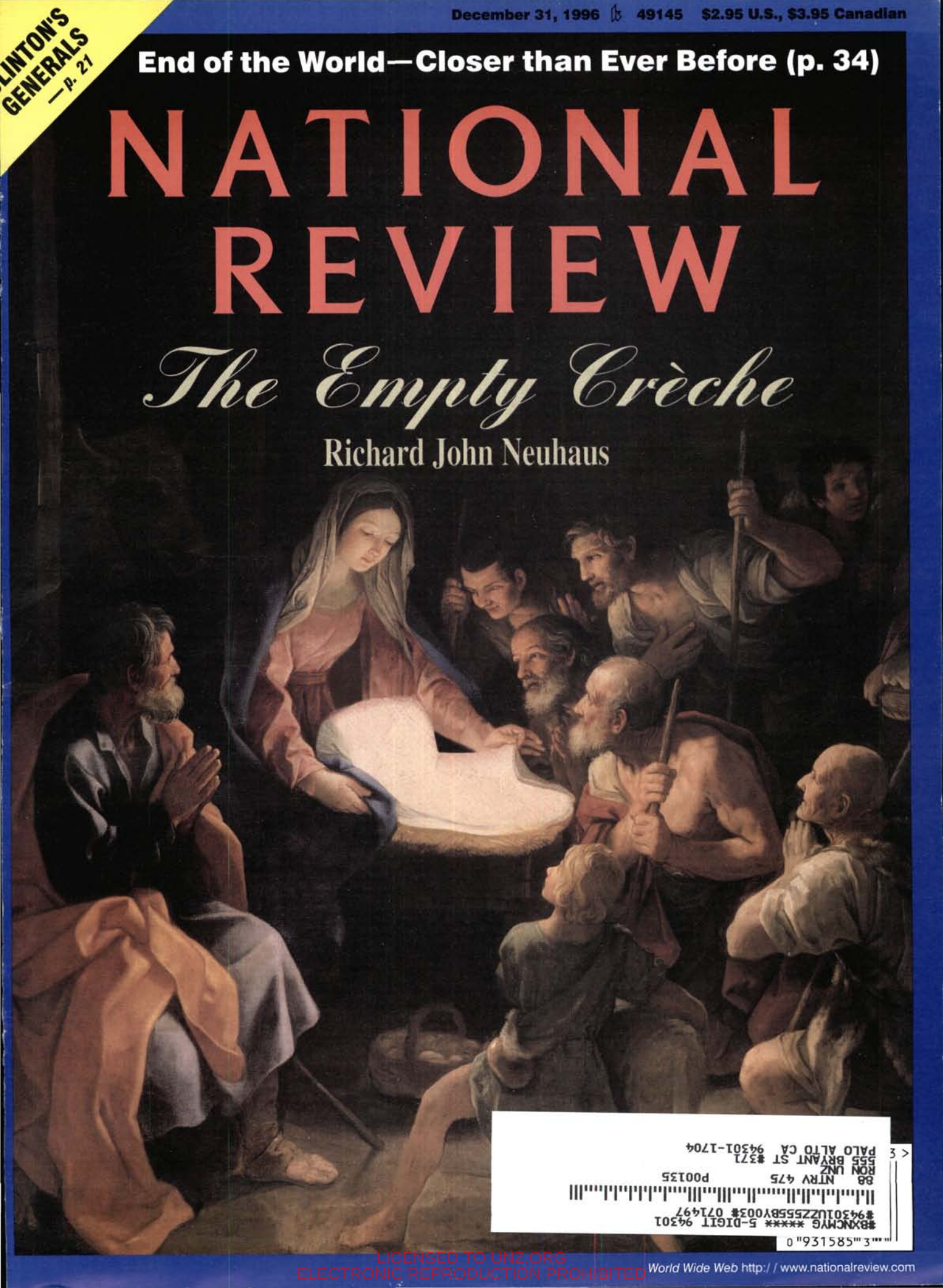
CLINTON'S GENERALS — p. 21

End of the World—Closer than Ever Before (p. 34)

NATIONAL REVIEW

The Empty Crèche

Richard John Neuhaus



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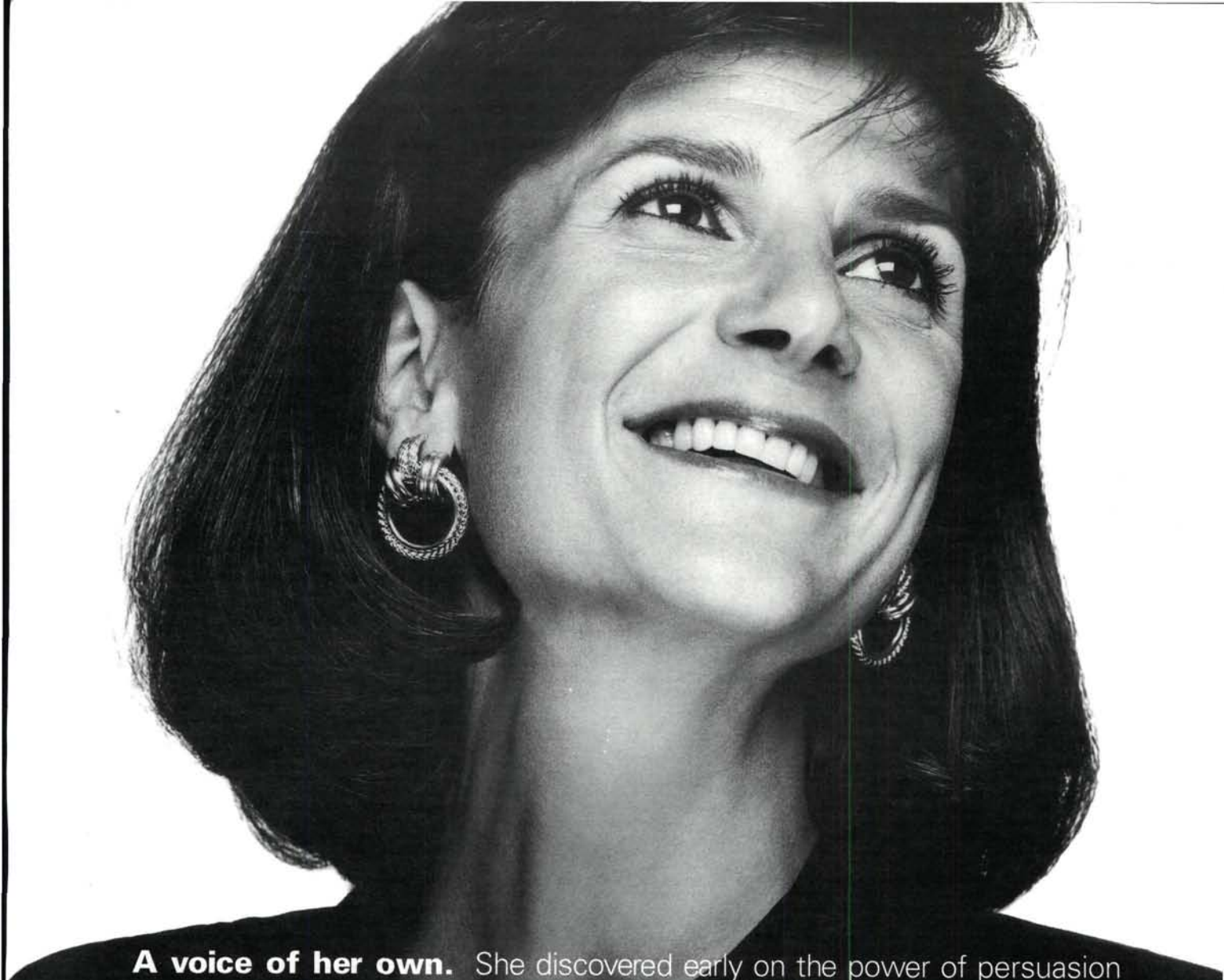

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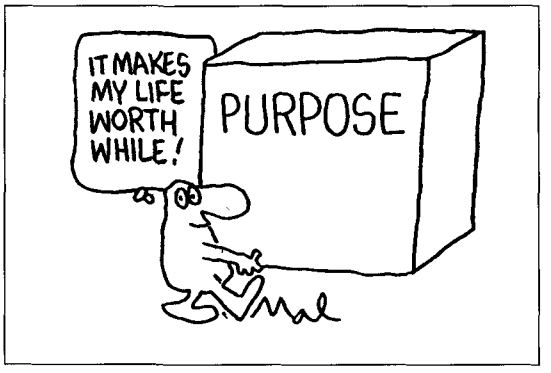
NATIONAL REVIEW

DECEMBER 31, 1996 VOL. XLVIII, NO. 25



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LETTERS

A Stiff Drink, Sternly Made

The icing on the cake of "How to Forget the Election" [Nov. 25] was Judge Robert Bork's piece on the martini. At my initial sip of the charming elixir (after a post-deb party in the mid Sixties) I became an instant convert. My personal preference is not only to keep the stemmed glasses in the freezer, but to keep the bottle of Bombay there as well. When the martini is poured it has the benefit of greater viscosity, which enhances the overall sensation. (Don't worry; the gin will not freeze.)

A number of years ago I attended a private party in New York City in honor of Agnes De Mille. While the waiters were circulating with some questionable champagne, I sidled up to the bar and requested a martini and described in detail how I wished it to be prepared and presented. To my right I heard a voice exclaiming, "That sounds great! But allow me to instruct the bartender on a variation of the theme." At my side was none other than Isaac Stern, who proceeded to explain the intricacies of "The Stern Martini," to the considerable amusement of the bartender and myself. I'm not at liberty to divulge the recipe (if Maestro Stern wishes to do so that's his privilege); suffice it to say that the important elements and proportions remained intact, with a few microscopic additions of, shall we say, untraditional ingredients.

Lorraine L. Whittlesey
Baltimore, Md.

Mr. Stern graciously shared his untraditional ingredients with us:

This is a recipe for the liberalization of the martini, which I trust will soothe many palates on both sides of the aisle. It is far removed from what purists regard as the untouchable simplicity of the "true" martini. This one has some variations—created because of the concatenation of circumstances that made certain things available at a bar one evening. I looked over the bottles, my choices dictated by my palate. The combination which follows is strictly personal; because it is no longer the traditional martini, my friends Ambassador Paul Nitze and his wife, Leezee Porter, renamed it the "Sternini" at a recent most happy house party in their country home.

For each glass, liberally large, the basic ingredients begin with ice cubes in a shaker and three or four drops of Angostura bitters on the ice cubes. Add several twisted lemon peels to the shaker, then a bottle-top of dry vermouth, a bottle-top of Scotch, and multiply the resultant liquid content by five with gin, preferably Bombay Sapphire. Add more gin if you think it is too bland.

The concoction can be stirred or shaken —I am not bound by 007's rule. Most importantly, however, the shaking or stirring should be for no longer than thirty or forty seconds, so that there is no diminution in the alcoholic content of this magnificently tension-relieving combination. The nectar should be poured through a strainer so that the drink is chilled but not diluted by any further contact with ice.

Individuals can then choose whether they want cocktail onions or olives. I suggest that these be served with toothpicks on a plate to the side of the drink, so that they can be taken at will, without having to be fished out of the bottom of the glass.

I have been told, but have no personal proof that it is true, that three of these taken in the course of an evening make it possible to fly from New York to Paris without an airplane.

The recipe is for one person; multiply all ingredients by the number of converts. Remember: conservatism is not desirable where gin and pleasure are concerned.

Isaac Stern
New York, N.Y.

Secession, Anyone?

Reid Buckley, in his review of Georgie Anne Geyer's *Americans No More: The Death of Citizenship* [Oct. 28], applauds Miss Geyer's chronicle of the decline of American culture but criticizes her terrible writing. Mr. Buckley writes well, but he's not thinking much. He should have been appalled that Miss Geyer should waste her time and her publisher should waste his money rehashing old news. The Anti-Federalists told us to watch out what happens when you centralize power under a national constitution. T. S. Eliot predicted that internecine warfare was the wave of the future. And Eric Voegelin described the trend toward cultural disorder as "the new tribalism." By reducing the problem of alienation and deculturation to the death of citizenship, Miss Geyer sounds like a speaker at a local Kiwanis luncheon.

Let's get serious. A secular-democratized empire is one of the causes of alienation. So let's break it up into governable parts. Let's let the South be its own nation for starters. If we really want to restore the idea of a virtuous commonwealth—with a symphonia of interests between church, state, economics, and culture—how about forming Christian states, or Christian city-states, that govern their own affairs and are free to set their own cultural agenda? How about the free city-state of Charleston? Or Savannah, where the black Christian mayor is an honorary member of the Sons of the Confederacy? Now *there* is an example of a virtuous commonwealth! The problem is that such Southern cities are prevented from really instituting virtue in the political sphere because of the threat of invasion by federal troops. Anyone out there ready to join me in a new secessionist movement?

Owen Jones
President, Rose Hill College
Aiken, S.C.

Mr. Jones is onto a major idea. The South made its move 136 years too early. Now we command growing industrial might and an exploding population, while New England & New York et al. shrivel on the limb like late winter apples. We'd win—but could we even press drinkable cider out of the spoils? —RB

Politics, Broadly Defined

Florence King's "The Misanthrope's Corner" [Dec. 9] was like a breath of fresh air in a political atmosphere grown so polluted over the last several years as to kill everything but the cockroaches. Like Miss King, I am trying to figure out how to disengage myself from all those GOP mailing lists. And I too am increasingly embarrassed, as a woman, by the destructive influence of women in the public life of our nation today. My own experience tells me that the damage wrought by women is going to have to be repaired by other women, if only because no man can say, and live to tell the tale, what so desperately needs to be said—that which Florence King said so well in her column.

I do have one nit to pick with Miss King, however. I do not believe anyone will live to see the day when St. Patrick's Cathedral is turned into a child-care center. As a Catholic theologian, I firmly believe Christ's promise that the gates of hell will not prevail against the Church, and I also firmly believe that a broad (if you will pardon the pun) and inclusive (if Miss King will pardon the expression) definition of hell must surely be understood to encompass child-care centers.

Joyce A. Little
University of St. Thomas
Houston, Tex.

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FROM THE EDITOR

Lady Killer

■ In her *Vanity Fair* profile of Gerry Adams, Maureen Orth gets so close to the IRA terrorist that her tongue is tickling his tonsils—"Maureen Orth follows his dangerous, charismatic high-wire act . . . as Adams tries to turn his people from terror to peace."

One wonders why Graydon Carter, *Vanity Fair*'s editor, would invest large sums of money in sending the expensive Miss Orth to Northern Ireland when any competent stenographer could have taken Sinn Fein's dictation.

In such an account the British are naturally the villains. They "started imposing conditions. First, they repeated their demand that the word 'permanent' be attached to the word 'ceasefire.'" The British are being accused here of a remarkable trick, namely *starting* to impose conditions by *repeating* them. Moreover, a permanent ceasefire was demanded not just by the British, but also by the Irish government.

Indeed, Irish people who unaccountably fail to approve of murder are dismissed briskly too. Prime Minister John Bruton is reproved because he "has compared the IRA to Nazis and has not shown dynamic leadership regarding the peace process." Of course, Mr. Bruton knows what Miss Orth may not: that the IRA and the Nazis were wartime allies.

Even Americans who show insufficient enthusiasm for the sexy terrorist are faintly damned: former House Speaker Tom Foley becomes "a major Anglophile." And if "sexy terrorist" sounds exaggerated, consider Miss Orth's coy exchange with her hero:

"Women throw themselves at Gerry Adams, I was told. 'I've never noticed,' Adams deadpans. 'Now I know you lie in interviews,' I say."

This nonsense purports to be an account of how Adams is bringing peace to Ireland. It is pure propaganda, probably timed to coincide with one of the IRA's brief ceasefires, which are themselves timed to force the two governments to make unwise concessions.

Even a cursory reading of her article, however, tells us that Miss Orth, far from believing that Adams is valiant for peace, knows that he is guilty of the most vicious crimes—and that she derives a certain squirming pleasure from the thought. She finds Adams sexually attractive precisely because, underneath a patina of grim charm, he is brutal, ruthless, violent, and evil.

It makes her knees (and her pen) go weak. It gives her a delicious shiver. It persuades her that any lingering affection she may have had for Black Panthers, Weathermen, or rappers was merely an adolescent crush. They were just boys; Adams is a man.

Of course, I could introduce her to some widows and cripples whose sex lives have been very differently affected by Mr. Adams.

■ Meanwhile, I look forward to *Vanity Fair*'s next fashion shoot, set against the decaying urban warfare of Belfast, with the model dressed by Isaac Mizrahi, shot by Gerry Adams, and shot again by Helmut Newton (of course).

■ Conservatives are beginning to talk of Governor George W. Bush of Texas as a standard-bearer in the next presidential election. Whatever his other qualities and achievements, however, he is the son of President George Herbert Walker Bush—surely an insuperable obstacle.

Heredity may not explain intelligence; it may not explain sexuality; but it must explain something. And we can't take that risk.

The correct view on any succession of Georges was expressed in the last century by Walter Savage Landor:

George the First was always reckoned
Vile, but viler George the Second;
And what mortal ever heard
Any good of George the Third?
When from earth the Fourth descended
God be praised, the Georges ended!

That should take us through to about 2096.

—JOHN O'SULLIVAN

NATIONAL REVIEW

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What's On The Minds of America's Leading Conservatives?

Popular conservative authors pictured above are (*left to right*) William Bennett, Pat Buchanan, R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr., Dinesh D'Souza, Alan Keyes, Haley Barbour, Marvin Olasky, and Thomas Sowell.

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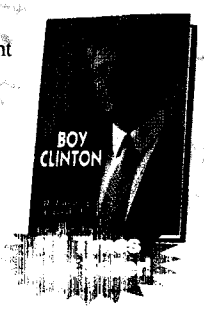

Boy Clinton

Just released! Blockbuster exposé by the publisher of *The American Spectator*. R. Emmett Tyrrell has unearthed the truth about the *real* Bill Clinton -- including facts that have never been revealed before.

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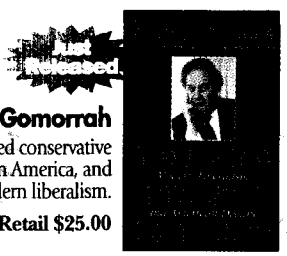

Slouching Towards Gomorrah

Robert Bork, one of the nation's most distinguished conservative scholars assails the unprecedented decline of morality in America, and points a finger at the culprit - - modern liberalism.

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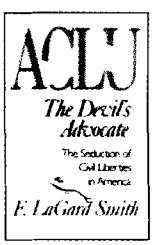

ACLU: The Devil's Advocate

Once an admired protector of freedom, the ACLU today supports abortion on demand, pornography, and special rights for homosexuals. Does the ACLU still play an honorable role in America, or has it put at risk the very liberties it has sworn to defend?

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The Return of Thrift

In this clear, honest account, business and financial journalist, Phillip Longman, warns of the imminent collapse of the welfare state and provides a plan to head off the coming fiscal disaster - - a return to the principles of traditional family values, hard work and thrift.

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Author Robert Dietz pulls no punches in this scathing, sometimes shocking post-O.J. look at the American justice system. According to Dietz, justice in America has become quite simple: If you're black you're innocent, and if you're white---guilty as charged!

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Wayne LaPierre, President of the NRA, explains and explodes every argument that gun control advocates have used to disarm American citizens and undermine the Second Amendment.

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The End of Racism

Thirty years after the landmark civil rights legislation of the 1960's, race remains the most divisive social issue of our time. Yet little ground has been gained in understanding what racism is, where it comes from, and whether it can be eliminated. Best-selling author Dinesh D'Souza delves into the issue of racism, and argues that Black Americans are oppressed less by racism than by a self-destructive culture. --"an invaluable contribution to our raging national debate on race and justice." --Charles Krauthammer

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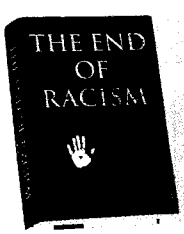

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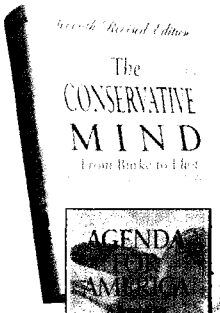

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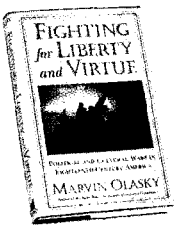

Fighting for Liberty and Virtue

Acclaimed author Marvin Olasky has extracted the forgotten wisdom of men such as Washington, Jefferson, Franklin, and Adams on many of the issues that divide our country such as term limits, balanced budgets, federal vs. state power. "Mr. Olasky's crisply written book above all...reminds us we are not alone, and that a wealth of thoughtful experience is at hand for us to turn to." -- Washington Times

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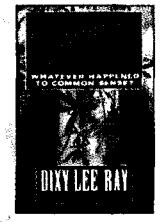

Environmental Overkill

Rush Limbaugh claims, "A way must be found to get this book into the hands of as many Americans as possible!" Dr. Dixy Lee Ray's book is a beacon of truth amidst the overblown cries of ecological doom. Read it, and make your own informed decisions on air pollution, global warming, endangered species, and other contentious environmental issues.

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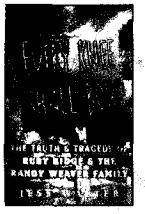

Every Knee Shall Bow

It was one of the biggest law enforcement debacles in the history of our country. Award-winning journalist Jess Walter, through interviews with Randy Weaver's family, as well as other sources tells Weaver's compelling story -- from his childhood in Iowa to the famed shootout on Ruby Ridge that left his fourteen year old son, and his wife Vicki dead. Contains 16 photographs, some of them never seen before!

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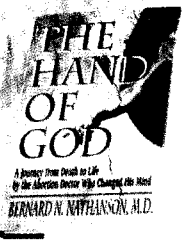

The Hand of God

Doctor Bernard N. Nathanson presided over 60,000 abortions as director of the world's largest abortion clinic. This stirring autobiography explores the horrors of abortion on demand, and how a committed atheist converted to Catholicism and the pro-life cause.

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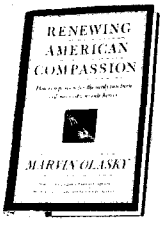

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FOR THE RECORD

■ President **Clinton**'s book, *Between Hope and History*, is massive flop. According to *Washington Post*, Random House will have 250,000 to 350,000 unsold copies on hand by Inauguration Day (out of nearly 500,000 printed in August); Random House is reluctant to shred book for insulation or packing material, as happens to unsuccessful books not written by President of United States. . . . Never-Too-Early Dept.: *Wall Street Journal*/NBC poll shows 37 per cent of Republicans favoring **Colin Powell** for presidential nomination in year 2000; **Jack Kemp** gets 20 per cent, Texas Gov. **George W. Bush** (no doubt benefiting from father's name recognition) a surprising 19 per cent. Also mentioned: Tennessee Sen. **Fred Thompson**, House Majority Leader **Dick Armey**. **Thomas Sowell**, in syndicated column, picks up **John McGinnis**'s suggestion (*NR*, Nov. 25) of Supreme Court Justice **Antonin Scalia**. . . . Good riddance: new Republican National Committee rules could mean end of first-in-the-nation status for Iowa caucus and New Hampshire primary.

■ Washington columnist and socialite **Arianna Huffington** is moving back to California. Is a run for **Barbara Boxer**'s Senate seat in her future? Just-defeated Rep. **Bob Dornan**, meanwhile, leaves open possibility of running for Boxer seat or his old House seat in 1998. . . . Impressive conservative **Kenneth Blackwell**, state treasurer of Ohio, signals his continued interest in 1998 gubernatorial bid despite efforts of Ohio Secretary of State **Bob Taft** to lock up nomination early. . . . Rep. **Jim Moran** (D., Va.) complains that "right now, the left wing is in control" of Democratic Party in House. . . . Sen. **Dan Coats** (R., Ind.), reportedly trailing presumptive 1998 Democratic challenger, Gov. **Evan Bayh**, by 25 points, decides not to run for re-election, creating possible opening for bright sophomore Rep. **David McIntosh**. . . . Correction: Conservative Rep. **John Boehner** was mischaracterized as "moderate" in For the Record last issue.

■ It's not family hour any more. According to study by Kaiser Family Foundation and Children Now, three out of every four shows aired during 8 to 9 P.M. time slot once reserved for wholesome programming had some sexual content; that represents four-fold increase from 1976. . . . A man who appeared with his 14-year-old girlfriend, who had a baby in July, on a **Sally Jessy Raphael** show titled "I'm 14 and I Want a Baby" is arrested and charged with statutory rape. . . . **Dick Morris**'s for-hire girlfriend **Sherry Rowlands** poses in *Esquire* with her bare foot on a plate. . . . Close call: **Walter Cronkite** writes in new book that **Robert Kennedy** urged him to run for U.S. Senate. . . . This election cycle **Walt Disney** Co. gave 85 per cent of its $1 million in soft money to Democrats; Dreamworks, **Steven Spielberg**'s company, gave all its $525,000 to Democrats. . . . Director **Mike Nichols** is working on a film version of **Joe Klein**'s *Primary Colors*, casting **John Travolta** and **Emma Thompson** as President and Mrs. Clinton.

■ Insufferable **Carl Rowan** is leaving public-affairs show *Inside Washington* after more than twenty years. . . . Truth in Advertising? Dept.: National Right to Life Committee (NRLC) points out that President Clinton's proposal on partial-birth abortions would ban few of the partial-birth abortions actually done; Clinton's proposal applies only to third trimester, while overwhelming majority of partial-birth abortions occur in fifth or sixth month of pregnancy. . . . **Matthew Rothschild**, editor of *The Progressive*, writes: "The odd thing about living in a place like Madison [Wisc.], and hanging around left-wingers all day long, is that I get a distorted view of the nation. Most of my colleagues, many of my friends, some of my neighbors, and even a few family members voted for **Nader**. . . . One district in Madison gave Nader more votes than the entire state of Louisiana."

■ Gen. **Chi Haotian**, chief of China's general staff, whom Pres. Clinton received in courtesy call during a U.S. tour, tells Washington military audience there were no killings in Tiananmen Square on June 3, 1989. At the time, Peking announced there were three hundred dead, while Western intelligence put the toll between several hundred and three thousand. . . . In direct contrast to Gen. Colin Powell's doctrine of limited intervention in Third World countries, Chairman of Joint Chiefs of Staff Gen. **John Shalikashvili** says: "[W]e should not only talk about the use of military force when America's vital interests are threatened, but should also focus on areas where America's other, lesser interests are under threat." . . . Congressional opposition led by Deputy **Cuauhtémoc Sandoval** joined administration of Pres. **Ernesto Zedillo Ponce de León** to pass legislation granting estimated 5.5 million Mexican-Americans Mexican "nationality"—in effect dual citizenship, including property rights. **Primitivo Rodríguez**, consultant to Mexican Congress, argued that loss of property in Mexico had kept Mexican-Americans from applying for citizenship and voting in U.S. elections. . . . Japan's **Hirofumi Nakajima**, 22-year-old furniture-delivery man, has dethroned **Ed "The Animal" Krachie** of the U.S. as world's biggest glutton by downing 23.25 hot dogs in 22 minutes.

■ *Washington Post* reports that a Dallas couple recently wrote to Vice President **Gore** complaining that service cuts at Amtrak were eliminating the "Texas Eagle" connecting Dallas to Chicago and the West Coast. The Vice President wrote back: "I share your view that the urgent problem of species extinction and the conservation of biological diversity should be addressed. The first step in saving any plant or animal from extinction is to become aware of and respect the fragile ecosystems that make up our environment."

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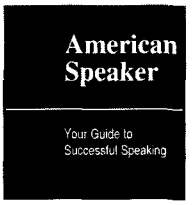
REVIEW

Applause, Applause

Anyone can win over a tough audience, says hailed speechwriter. Just ask Lee Iacocca.



THE AMERICAN SPEAKER
Your Guide to Successful Speaking
Aram Bakshian, Jr., Editor (600 pages; Georgetown Publishing House)

By Len Taylor

The difference between success and failure, writes Aram Bakshian, Jr., in this remarkable new resource for public speakers, is the ability to communicate clearly and effectively. Never has this been more true than in today's intensely competitive business climate.

Bakshian should know. Speechwriter to "The Great Communicator" himself, Ronald Reagan, as well as to two other former presidents and the heads of several major corporations, Bakshian has witnessed the rise and fall of international leaders based on their ease — or lack of ease — on the podium. Anyone can master the art of speaking in public, Bakshian says, "In the last analysis, the spoken word is still king."

Fear and loathing of the rubber chicken circuit have long plagued public figures. "No one knows how I hate making speeches," President Calvin Coolidge once complained to a friend.

Bakshian tackles head-on the challenges of public speaking in AMERICAN SPEAKER. "As with alcoholism," he writes, "there is no known cure for stage fright. You're either a 'chronic' sufferer or a 'recovering' sufferer." In either case, it's easy to minimize that suffering — or even turn it into an advantage. As Carroll O'Connor, the legendary "Archie Bunker," put it, "A professional actor has a kind of tension. The amateur is thrown by it, but the professional needs it."

Perhaps the best contemporary example is Lee Iacocca, who saved the Chrysler Corporation by using his enormous talent as a speaker to win the support of the Congress, the White House and the American people for the biggest corporate bailout in history. Iacocca himself attributes his business success to speaking. In his autobiography, he writes: "I've seen a lot of guys who are smarter than I am and a lot who know more about cars. And yet I've lost them in the smoke. Why? Because I'm tough? No ... You've got to know how to talk to them, plain and simple."

Business is the single biggest rhetorical arena. From simple retail sales spiels to sensitive boardroom presentations, speech keeps the wheels of commerce turning. In making a first impression, Bakshian writes, "Your appearance can raise expectations, but what you say and how you say it will determine how people evaluate you." A good speaker is always in demand. At events from business conventions to weddings, "a good speaker not only adds to the occasion, he also benefits from 'free advertising' that adds to his stature in the community and attracts future business."

The chairmen of Fortune 500 companies like Coca-Cola, IBM and General Motors make more speeches in a year than most politicians do. And not just on television. They speak all the time in the workplace and to colleagues, customers and the media.

Unusual for a book or periodical of any kind, AMERICAN SPEAKER is more of a personal mentor — a do-it-yourself guide designed to save hours or days of preparation time, or, conversely, an enormous bill from a professional speechwriter or "coach."

It's a clever, accessible concept: a three-ring binder crammed with hundreds of pages of material on every imaginable aspect of public address: body language, delivering an inspiring eulogy, antidotes to nervousness, using humor, developing a powerful speaking voice, or engaging the audience in a positive question-and-answer session. Bakshian offers sensible, uplifting advice for every occasion, from the Thanksgiving toast to a defense of your industry before a hostile audience.

Arranged alphabetically, AMERICAN SPEAKER is easy to navigate, highly entertaining and loaded with good ideas. In the calendars section, for instance, Bakshian compiles thousands of speech pegs for every day of the year in three calendars: celebrity birthdays, today in history and the months at a glance. "Every audience gathered to share a common interest or celebrate a specific occasion has a built-in common bond," Bakshian writes. "A good speaker doesn't just know this; a good speaker takes advantage of it." He demonstrates how a shared reference can warm up the audience, draw a favorable analogy or build a bridge from past to present.

What about actual speeches? They're all over AMERICAN SPEAKER. A section on acceptance speeches includes as an example Winston Churchill's masterful appearance before Parliament in 1954, on the occasion of his 80th birthday. To illustrate the business address, Bakshian quotes nine speeches that used humor and anecdotes to deliver serious messages to several very different audiences. In the education section, Bakshian shows how cartoonist Garry Trudeau hilariously defused the "political correctness" time bomb in speaking to a graduating class at Yale University. And so on.

But here's what really makes AMERICAN SPEAKER stand out from the crowd of business publications. In addition to the basic 600-page volume, readers also receive timely updates, transcripts of recent, powerful speeches and a free consulting service with Bakshian, to resolve those last-minute speaking challenges. Best of all, the entire package is guaranteed. Review AMERICAN SPEAKER for 30 days. If it doesn't meet your expectations, return it to Georgetown Publishing House for a complete refund.

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THE WEEK

■ In Florida, Santa waved to the kiddies from a helicopter. Maybe People for the Ethical Treatment of Animals took away his reindeer? The chopper developed a mechanical problem, landed hard, flipped, and burst into flames. Santa's fake whiskers caught fire and his pillow-belly got snagged on the seatbelt. These unsuspected hazards urgently call for a new federal bureau and *scads* of regulations to keep Mr. Claus safe! Fortunately, the pilot wriggled free and pulled Santa out, and both sprinted to safety just before the helicopter blew up.

■ How much money would John Sweeney have had to spend on the 1996 election if union members had had a say in spending it? Four years ago, the state of Washington conducted an experiment. Voters passed a ballot initiative making it illegal to dock an employee's wages (e.g., through union dues) for political purposes "except upon written request of the employee." The Washington Education Association found that contributions to its PAC fell by five-sixths. (The WEA tried to funnel dues through a "Community Outreach Program," a PAC by another name, but the state took a dim view of this.) Divide Sweeney money by six, and the Democrats would have picked up only one House seat. And they might have lost another ten seats in the Senate.

■ Try to follow this plot line: Because the investigation of President Clinton has become too politicized James Carville says he will form an organization devoted to partisan attacks on the man conducting it, without the consent of the White House, which is such an irresponsible scheme with such an unlikely cover story that it lands Carville on every public-affairs TV show in the land over a two-week period; at which point the President privately says he doesn't approve of Carville's effort, which was never contingent on his approval, but Carville nonetheless decides to shut it down without ever starting it because all the negative publicity has been so helpful, including the attacks on him as a "frothing, rabid dog" made by Mary Matalin, his wife. Just the latest from the *Carville & Matalin Show*, airing wherever in America there's a camera or the chance of a good lecture fee.

■ Defense ministers of seven nations (Austria, Canada, Denmark, the Netherlands, Norway, Poland, and Sweden) have agreed to establish a standby peacekeeping brigade to be at the disposal of the UN Security Council. The force is to be formed by 1999. Americans should welcome this: it means that U.S. forces, already stretched too thin, will not need to be drawn into every humanitarian emergency. The U.S. has its veto in the Security Council (and should be willing to pay a fair share of the cost of missions it does not veto).

■ On the matter of Iraq and oil, it is a very tough call. The objections are not easily coped with. (If Saddam Hussein really cares about helping the drastically sick, why doesn't he build one castle fewer for himself? If Saddam Hussein cares for the strategic prospects of his people, why does he channel the country toward war and devastation?) But after we do the analytical arpeggios we aren't left with anything more obvious than the terrible hunger and illness of the Iraqis. So we are permitting $2 billion in oil sales, and the proceeds will be distributed under UN supervision (61 per cent food, 16 per cent medicine, 5 per cent soap . . .). Will Saddam manage to cheat in the course of things? Yes. Will the world attempt to transform our approval into a reason for granting Iraq greater oil sales in the future? Yes. Is there anything we can do about it, at this point? No. But we do need to remind Saddam that we are looking at him. Maybe send him an exploding cigar every now and then.

■ Williams College has become a nest of progressive activity. From forcing women to use unisex toilets and showers (to make them "less self-conscious about their bodies"), to compelling heterosexual students to declare themselves homosexuals in public (to appreciate how it feels), Williams has embraced Political Correctness like a desperate lover. Williams's admissions policy is ultra-affirmative-action, of course. But perhaps the most comic aspect of Williams's new identity is the discovery that it was offering course credit to students who joined in activities organized by Western Massachusetts Labor Action, which has been linked to the recently raided and heavily

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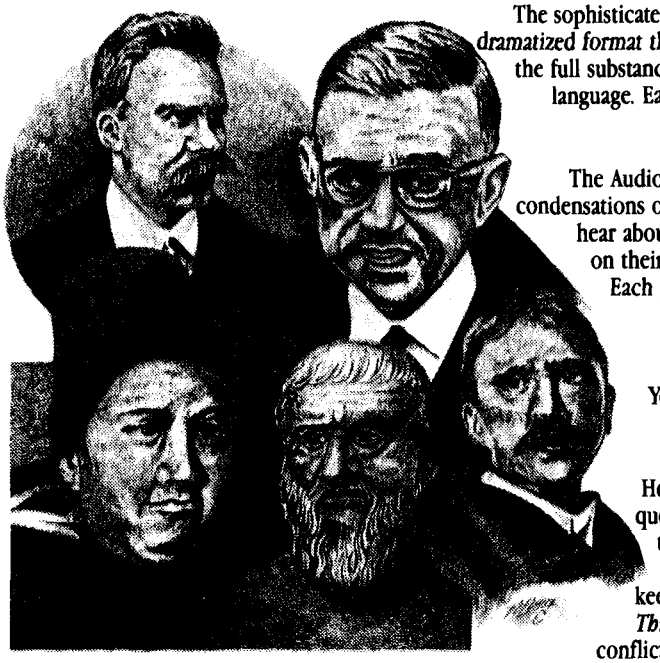

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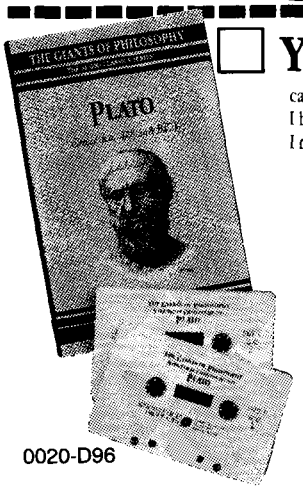

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armed Provisional Communist Party in Brooklyn. Conceivably, the professors and administrators at Williams were unaware of the connection.

■ The Heritage Foundation has produced an impressive new volume, *Restoring American Leadership: A U.S. Foreign and Defense Policy Blueprint.* The Heritage team of experts, directed by Kim R. Holmes and Thomas G. Moore, surveys the fundamental problems of U.S. national strategy, in areas such as regional challenges (especially in Europe, the Far East, and the Middle East), defense policy, economic policy, and the tools of policymaking (the UN, intelligence, foreign aid, public diplomacy). It is a well-done critique, with wise prescriptions—a needed antidote to isolationist undercurrents that would leave the world a more dangerous place.

■ For 12 days in November, French truck drivers went on strike demanding early retirement, shorter working hours, and more pay. They did not merely refuse to work, which is their right, but also set up blockades—at ports, on freeways, and around oil refineries. Road transport was massively disrupted, stocks of food and gasoline ran low, and foreign truck drivers, held hostage in the blockades, were compelled to live in their cabins. One British driver who protested was admitted to intensive care after being severely beaten by French truckers. Throughout the entire crisis, the government insisted that it would not "use force" to break the blockades. It thereby admitted that it was not prepared to fulfill its duty to uphold the rule of law. The settlement with the truckers will cost $700 million, and the country now faces hundreds of millions of dollars in claims from companies abroad that were hard hit. The French economy also suffered severely. But this is merely the tribute which a decadent political system must pay to any interest group willing to trample the common good.

■ A study published recently in the *American Journal of Public Health* suggests that racial discrimination by whites causes high blood pressure in blacks. Curiously, it was among blacks who were unaware that they had suffered discrimination that the effect was most pronounced. Dr. Nancy Krieger explained that this was a consequence of "suppressed or internalized response." The study did not address the effect that black-on-white crime—which, according to Irving Louis Horowitz in the January 1995 *Society,* is sixty times as common as white-on-black crime—has on the health of whites.

■ President Clinton received advice from two sources during his recent bout with acute hoarseness. His doctor said he should remain silent, and his lawyer affirmed that that was his right.

■ *USA Today* recently published its music writers' list of the best music for the holiday season. Included were an abortion-rights classic, "O Come All Ye Faithful: Rock for Choice," and an R&B favorite, "Christmas on Death Row." Great for stocking stuffers. Ho, ho, ho.

■ Rep. Bill Richardson (D., N.M.) won the release of three Red Cross workers in Kenya, having previously sprung an American jailed in North Korea. Next, Susan McDougal?

Anthony Lake Was Naughty

Like Lani and Kimba before him,
He senses the Senate would gore him.
He also knows this is
When Bill and the Mrs.
Would (it's a tradition) ignore him.

—W. H. VON DREELE

The War of the Roses

THE agitation touched off by the five essays in *First Things* continues. The magazine's idea was to explore the nature and limits of civic loyalty. Mr. Jacob Heilbrunn, associate editor of *The New Republic*, has written at some length for his magazine (December 30) under the intriguing title, "Neocon *v.* Theocon." His thesis is that what we see gestated in *First Things* is a polarization of two strands of conservative thought. The one is Thomist, demanding a denial of legitimacy to an anti-moral society. The second is Straussian, named for Leo Strauss (1888–1973), the enormously influential political philosopher who, while also embracing political universals (as enunciated, e.g., in the Declaration of Independence), forswore any Divine provenance for them. It was a wisecrack, in Straussian circles, to say that he thought everyone should believe in God (for utilitarian reasons) except himself (he knew better).

Mr. Heilbrunn attempts more than what is there, and in any case is attracted to illusory groupings. He goes on at some length about the neoconservatives' historical contribution to conservative thought, to which it gave "energy" and extra intellectual distinction under the aegis of such as Irving Kristol and Norman Podhoretz. And then says that the neocons' indulgence of populist Christian trends now haunts them inasmuch as the neocons are primarily Jewish and the theocons, Catholic.

These conscriptive banners are unfortunate, and they are not accurate. A hypothetical war between Christians and Jews could be fancied, but only by an inventive surrealist. But that to one side, Mr. Heilbrunn has a hard time with his denominalizations. The five articles in *First Things* were written by two Protestants, two Catholics,

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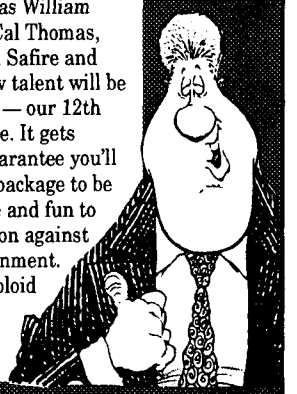

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and one Jew. The neocon stable is hardly a Jewish enclave. Its spokesmen include Harvey C. Mansfield, James Q. Wilson, and Daniel Patrick Moynihan.

Some of the issues raised by *First Things* point to ultimate divisions; others derive from temperamental reflexes. In the abstract, the point is obviously reachable when a rogue society forfeits the loyalty of responsible and courageous citizens. It is not always easy to recognize that point, which often passes by societies that wake to find a despotism in power. Norman Podhoretz was greatly disturbed at the sentence in Fr. Neuhaus's introduction in which he spoke of Hitler Germany. Fr. Neuhaus was complaining about a society that yielded critical authority to a Supreme Court that openly disavows higher law than that of its own making. But surely the point to reflect upon, especially between scholars as engaged intellectually and personally as Richard John Neuhaus and Norman Podhoretz, is the uses of simile. That Hitler is different from the Supreme Court of the United States does not disable the analyst whose purpose is to point out what similarities there are—in this case, moral usurpation; indeed, a denial of moral language. What Colson and Arkes and Hittinger and George and Bork, and *First Things* editor Neuhaus, are saying is that the time has come to reformulate one's compliance with a democratic society whose laws are no longer set by the people.

The problem is in part temperamental because there are different orders of historical patience involved. The way to look after and dispose of the problem of the Supreme Court, the neocons are telling us, is to batter its decisions intellectually, arouse moral protest, discipline the Court with a symbolic constitutional amendment, and get back on that historical trajectory of American exceptionalism that has given the Republic a general congruity with enlightened views of human behavior. It took us almost one hundred years to free the slaves, but that is what we ended up doing. Another hundred to translate legal freedom into sociological freedom, but we did that also. Along the way we discovered the rights of women, and acknowledged some basic international responsibilities. Though Neuhaus is hardly preaching the way of John Brown, some of his critics speak as if that were the ultimate meaning of the *First Things* manifesto.

Most conservatives see it as something else, namely a call to focus on what has been happening. First, the Court described (*Roe* v. *Wade*) a human right to terminate life by abortion, then it refused (*Planned Parenthood*) to acknowledge any right to political interposition, then it denied society's right (*Romer*) to pronounce on homosexuality, now it threatens (*Baehr*) to sanction homosexual "marriage" and dallies with euthanasia (*Glucksberg*). The *First Things* essays ask not for revolutionary defiance, but for organic thought given to the attenuation of loyalties. The moment can come when loyalty is severed.

NATIONAL REVIEW's position is intellectually combative, temperamentally pragmatic. We sanction, and indeed have given space to, the fine thinking of such as Hadley Arkes and Fr. Neuhaus on the terrible exercises of judicial enactments. But we have never condoned protests in any other form than political and intellectual. There are those (none of them associated with *First Things*) who would shoot the abortionists and bomb buildings as expressions of defiance. The world is familiar with hardy expressions of protest, as with the monks in South Vietnam who served themselves up in flames to protest Diem. Martyrdom can be a noble calling, but it is not a regimental maneuver. Most conservatives will acknowledge the usefulness of sharpening the discriminating faculties that allocate loyalties; but they will decline a war against our political regime, and most emphatically decline a war against our brethren, the neocons.

No Dream Team

THE new Clinton national-security team gives only modest hope of improving on the record of the old. The problem with the old team was mainly one not of personalities but of philosophy. What we got was a group of people still more or less traumatized by the Vietnam experience, uncomfortable with the use of American power for American interests, and enamored of the mythical "world community" as the source of true wisdom and legitimacy.

Madeleine Albright promises to be more forceful than her predecessor as Secretary of State. Her background (her father fled Czechoslovakia twice, from Hitler and then from Stalin) has given her a solid grounding in some hard truths of international politics. Inter alia, she knows where Central Europe is and why it's important—not a small advantage when enlarging NATO (and standing up to Russia) are high on the agenda for the second term. At the United Nations, she broke a lot of crockery, *not* a disqualification in our view. She led the successful U.S. campaign against a second term for Secretary General Boutros Boutros-Ghali. On the negative side is her early championing of "assertive multilateralism"—cult-worship of the UN—which got the U.S. into trouble in

The Christmas Party

Panetta looked ecstatic.
Reich, tipsy, was a gas.
Cisneros winked at Tyson.
O'Leary came first-class.
Both Christopher and Perry
Got blotto over drinks.
Nobody rang up Ickes.
Bill called in from the links.

—W. H. VON DREELE

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"Made in the U.S.A." Sells in Japan

Without a lot of fanfare, U.S. products from construction materials to computer chips have been carving out significant markets in Japan recently. What's behind this trend, which helped boost U.S. exports to Japan by 20.3% to over $75 billion last year?

A combination of things: Deregulation...import promotion and market-opening measures...favorable exchange rates...changing lifestyles, especially among Japanese baby boomers (one result: imports of U.S. furniture and bedding jumped to $385 million in 1995 from $171 million in 1993)...and the fact that U.S. companies are targeting their products specifically for Japanese markets. For example, U.S. vehicles sold in Japan now have the steering wheel on the right side, to accommodate the fact that Japanese drive on the "other" side of the road.

Japan isn't America, of course, but all of these changes are having an impact. Japanese buy American rock tapes and CDs at Tower Records; drink Coke (the #1 carbonated beverage in Japan, sold in more than 820,000 vending machines); buy casual clothes at Eddie Bauer and L.L. Bean, whose reputation for excellence has made them market leaders in Japan; and purchase toys at Toys "R" Us, which boasts 37 stores in Japan and plans to open an average of 10 new stores a year there.

In the high-tech area, a sharp increase in the sales of U.S. computers and related equipment such as computer chips have resulted in broad market gains; U.S.-manufactured PCs, for example, have about 30% of the Japanese computer market; and Windows 95, the latest software package from Microsoft, is a best seller there.

All of this is good for the U.S. But it's also good for Japanese consumers, who, like American consumers, increasingly demand more value for their money. They're getting it with a broad range of U.S. products that combine high quality and attractive prices.

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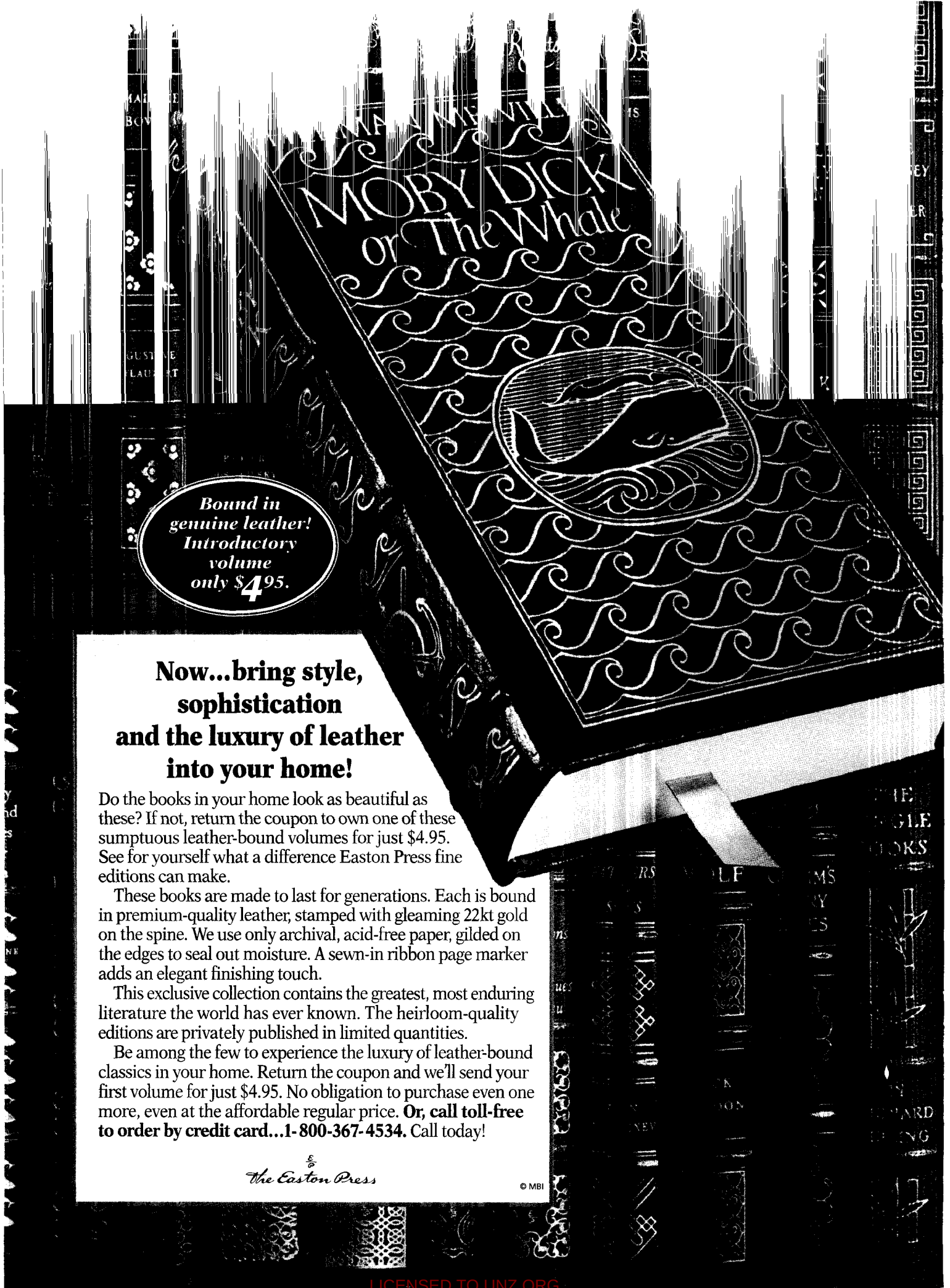

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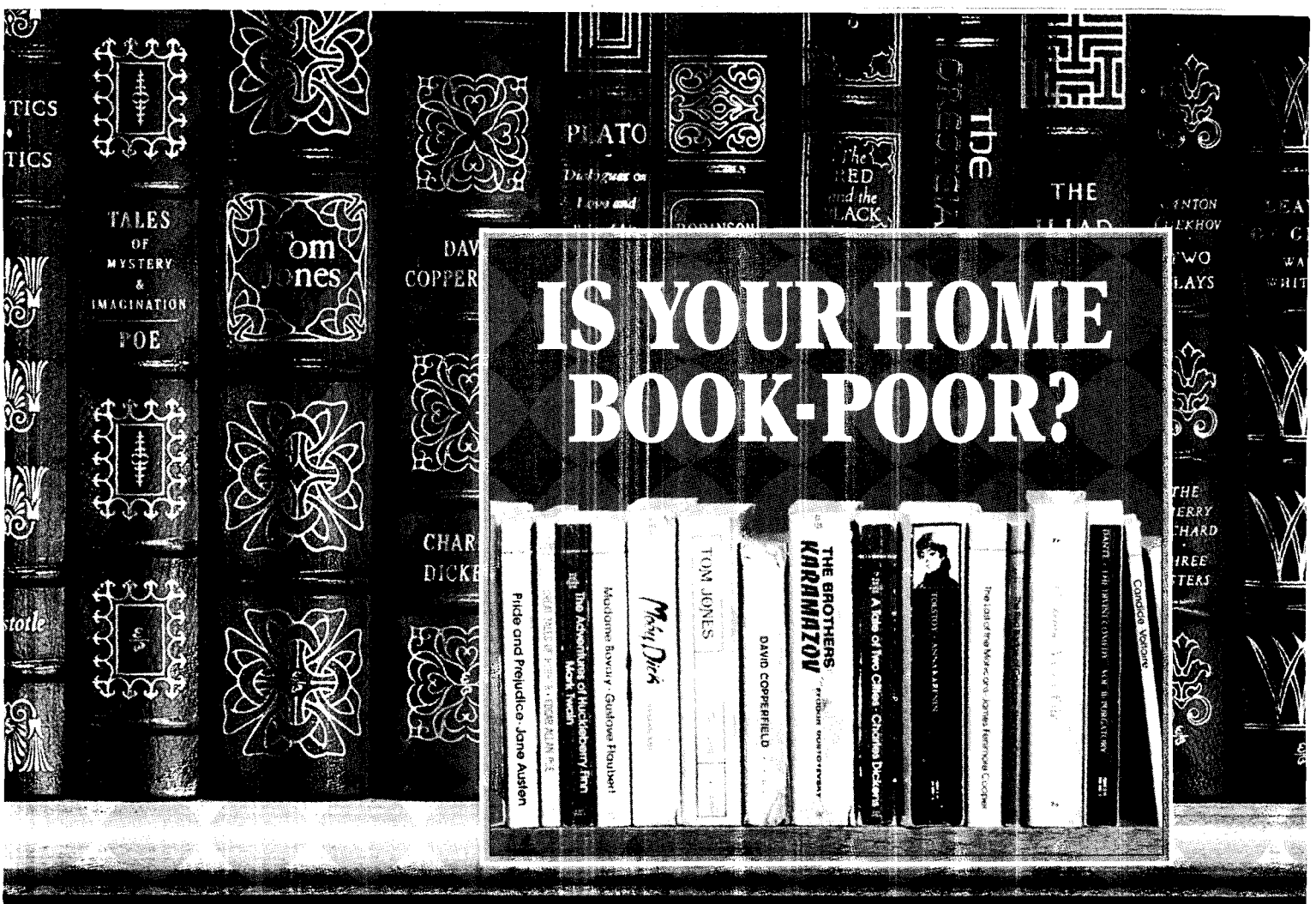

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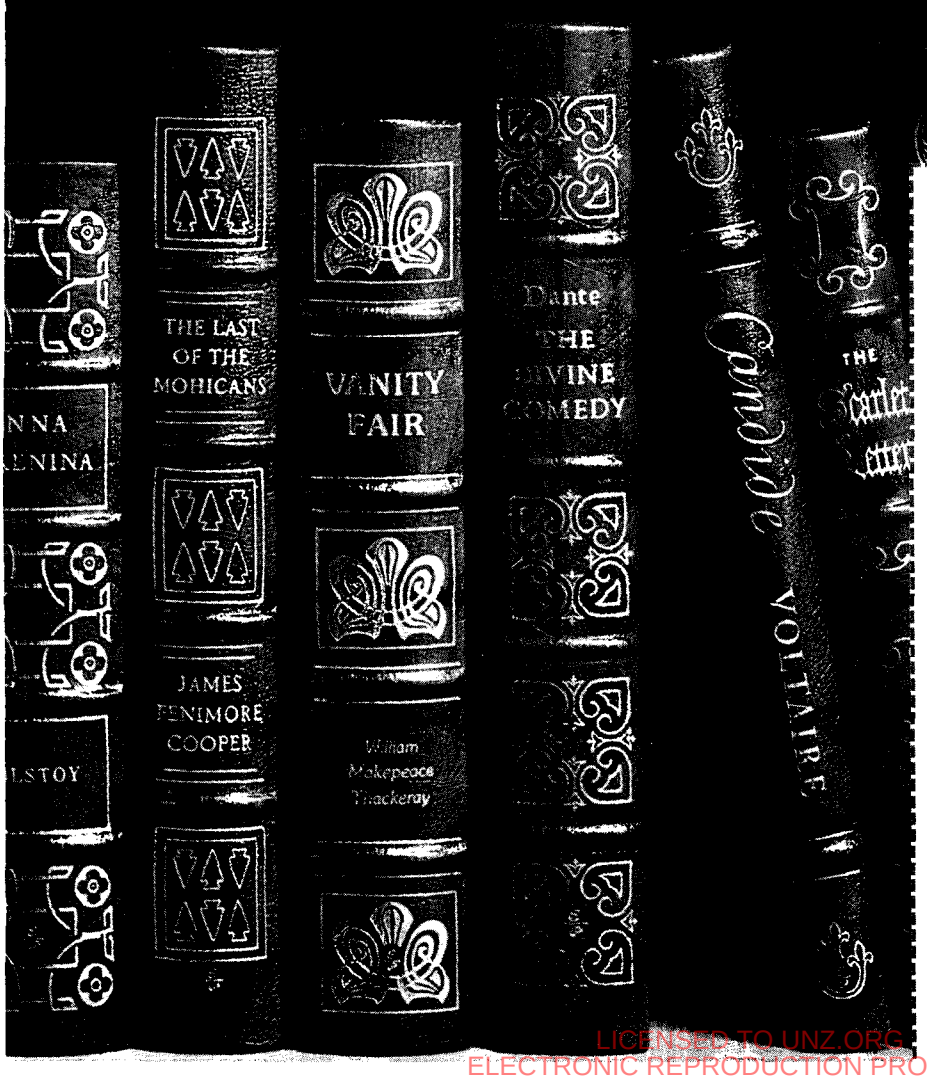

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the form of indiscriminate humanitarian military interventions.

Senator William Cohen, the choice for the Pentagon, is another ambiguous case. The President wanted a Republican in his Cabinet; in Cohen he found one whose discomfort with the direction of the Republican Party was sufficient to lead him to retire from the Senate. On national-security issues, however, Cohen was closer to the Republican mainstream. The acid test for Cohen will be whether he tries to sell pure Clinton policies to the Senate (in which case his nominal Republican pedigree will do him no good) or whether he can demonstrate to his Republican former colleagues that he has influenced Clinton policies for the better on key issues (e.g., going ahead with missile defense, boosting procurement, resisting non-strategic missions).

Anthony Lake at the CIA is proving the most problematical. He is a man of intellectual sophistication and even a scholarly bent, but of all the Clinton team he is (aside from our McGovernite President himself) the most traumatized by Vietnam. As a young Foreign Service officer, he was Henry Cabot Lodge's special assistant in Saigon. Lodge recommended him to Henry Kissinger. But Lake had a *crise de conscience* and resigned from Kissinger's staff in 1970. He devoted his subsequent academic career to Third World and humanitarian issues, as if to atone, McNamara-like, for his earlier life. Is this really the man for the CIA?

Lake will face Senate grilling for his pivotal role in the Iran–Bosnia affair—stonewalling congressional efforts to lift the arms embargo on Bosnia, while winking at Iranian arms shipments. This was strategic madness. (It may not have involved any violation of U.S. laws, but if it did, the perpetrators could plead the insanity defense.) Lake may also have run afoul of ethics rules in connection with some stock holdings. These issues deserve airing, but they are really proxies for a deeper uncertainty about his suitability. Lake did not help matters by his remarkable confession, on *Meet the Press*, that he had doubts about the guilt of Alger Hiss.

The incumbent, John Deutch, has already wrecked morale at the Agency by his liberal ambivalence about the

Right Data

THE good news: we're better off than we think we are. The bad news: it'll cost us.

Michael Boskin's panel says the Consumer Price Index overstates the true rise in living costs by 1.1 percentage points per year. The budgetary implications are huge. About 30 per cent of federal outlays, including most entitlements, are indexed to inflation, as are income-tax brackets. Cutting the cost-of-living adjustment by 1.1 percentage points would cost the typical Social Security recipient about $100 next year in reduced payments. Taxes for a family earning $50,000 would go up by about the same amount. And over time, the amounts compound. If inflation (as measured by the current CPI) stays at 2.8 per cent, average retirement benefits in 2006 would be $1,280, or 10 per cent, below the amount forecast under current law.

Economists have long suspected an upward bias in the government's inflation numbers. There are three major reasons. Most obviously, the "market basket" is seldom changed, ignoring consumers' ability to seek out cheaper items. If the price of hardcover books goes up, more readers will buy paperbacks or go to the library. The negligent CPI would go up even though the consumer's cost of living actually declined. Another type of substitution—the widespread switch to discount outlets—is also ignored. The CPI tracks only "list prices."

The official inflation rate also misses price declines that typically occur after new products are introduced. VCRs and microwave ovens first appeared in the CPI formula a decade after they were in widespread use—when their prices had fallen more than 80 per cent. Personal computers didn't enter the mix until roughly 12 years after the appearance of the first home PC. Until 1940, the CPI reflected the price of trolley cars but not automobiles. (The current index is based on what people bought in 1982–84.)

Last, but hardly least, there is the failure to adjust for quality improvements. The CPI, for example, does a good job of tracking rent per square foot but ignores amenities in apartment buildings such as swimming pools, health clubs, and modern appliances. If an appendectomy required four days of hospitalization ten years ago, but only one day now, tracking simply the per-diem cost represents a serious distortion.

To a large extent the administrators of Washington's statistical apparatus acknowledge the gaps and distortions. The Bureau of Labor Statistics is well along in developing a mechanism to correct the substitution and new-product problems. But quality improvements, which Boskin says account for more than half (0.6 percentage point) of the total CPI overstatement, are far more difficult to rectify. As a practical matter, that overstatement can be fixed only if Congress rewrites the law to adjust benefits and tax brackets by the CPI minus 0.6 percentage point. Alan Greenspan suggested a similar expedient for Social Security back in 1983.

Beyond the budgetary effects, a new CPI would rewrite recent economic history. The conventional wisdom holds that real income for the average American worker peaked in 1973; Boskin's data show a 13 per cent rise in hourly earnings since then—most of the improvement occurring between 1981 and 1989.

—Ed Rubenstein

Deflating the Deficit

	Do Nothing	Clinton Plan	Clinton Plan Plus 1.1% COLA Reduction
1997	$169 bil.	$149 bil.	$141 bil.
1998	177	152	135
1999	184	123	93
2000	193	106	63
2001	196	56	2
2002	150	–1 (Surplus)	–71 (Surplus)

Source: CBO

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4. ALASKA IS FAR, FAR AWAY FROM CHAPPAQUIDDICK. That should mean the waters the *Ryndam* plies will be relatively safe (August is usually when Teddy and the joy boys run amock—thankfully for *us* a continent away—around Cape Cod).

5. BE THE FIRST ON YOUR BLOCK TO SMOKE A CIGAR WITH A NOBEL PRIZE-WINNER. *And* with some other of the most admired figures of modern conservatism. Milton Friedman, Robert Bork, and Bob Novak are just some of the luminaries who will be joining Bill Buckley, John O'Sullivan, Kate O'Beirne, Rick Brookhiser, Ed Capano, and Dusty Rhodes at an exciting array of seminars—featuring our guests discussing policy and politics, plus answering your questions—and exclusive social events, including two pool-side "smokers" featuring premier H. Upmann cigars (*and* some top-shelf cognac!).

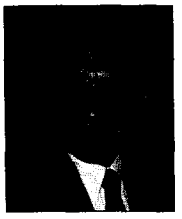
6. TOTEM POLLS WILL BE HOLDING ANNUAL AL GORE IMPERSONATION FESTIVAL. The **National Review 1997 Alaska Cruise** will afford you the chance to see some wonderful sights when the *Ryndam* is "in port," such as the Totem Heritage Cultural Center (where the native wooden behemoths will look positively *animated* when compared to our Vice President!), Juneau's National Historic District, Mendenhall Glacier, Sitka's famed Raptor Rehabilitation Center, and countless other attractions.

7. CHANCE YOU MAY CATCH *NR* EDITORS PANNING FOR GOLD TO PAY OFF DEBTS. We hope it won't come to *that*, but you never know (we've done *worse*!). Well, what we do know is that Holland America has several specially designed pre-cruise tours (ranging from three to seven days) that will give you the once-in-a-lifetime chance to come face-to-face with the incredible sights of "inland" Alaska—Mt. McKinley, Denali National Park, Portage Glacier, and the historic towns of Nome and Fairbanks (where, yes, you can pan for those rare nuggets). There's even a tour that will take you above the Arctic Circle (as well as a three-day post-cruise tour of cosmpolitan Vancouver and Victoria). Whichever one you choose, know that *National Review* has negotiated a deal with Holland America to provide you these special tour packages at *cost*—they just can't be purchased anywhere for *less*!

8. CHANCE TO BECOME A CHARACTER IN BILL BUCKLEY'S NEXT SAILING BOOK. Well, that would require a conspiracy, a mutiny, probably some bloodshed, and no doubt result in prison time (Title: *Alaska Low*?). Better forget that idea. But *don't* forget to bring a copy of one of Bill's previous best-sellers—or bring a bunch—so he can personally autograph them for you.

9. *FREE* CRUISE COMES WITH EVERY *NR* HOODED SWEATSHIRT (SIZES "L" AND "XL"—PRICES START AT ONLY $2,094!) OK, maybe we got the marketing pitch backwards. But truth be told, the **National Review 1997 Alaska Cruise** is a very affordable way for you to see one of the most beautiful spots on earth. Couples can save up to $1,200 off Holland America's catalogue rates! And yes, everyone who attends will receive a *free NR* hooded sweatshirt!

10.
William F. Buckley Jr.

11. 
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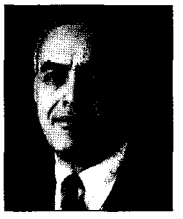
Robert Bork

13. 
Robert Novak

14.
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morality of much of what the Agency was set up to do in defense of the United States. We don't need a repetition.

More TV Wars

DURING the Kennedy Administration, the now forgotten Newton Minnow described television as a vast "wasteland." Since then the networks have not improved; maybe, for institutional reasons, they cannot improve.

But agitated parents should realize that young people shouldn't be spending so much time before the TV set *whatever* is on the screen. If we are worried about our children's education, we should revive the ancient but now discarded custom of . . . homework. At least two hours per night.

We now have arguments about sex, violence, and obscenity on the TV screen and how to rate such for parents' guidance. The system proposed by a ratings-development board, whose spokesman is the estimable Jack Valenti, would have six broad categories defined by age group and supposed maturity. Critics argue that the categories are vague and offer little clue as to what will appear on the screen. A Canadian system rates content on the basis of V, S, and L: Violence, Sex, and Language. Degrees of each are indicated by numbers. A TV movie might be V6, S2, L7. You would have a rough idea what to expect.

Yet whether any ratings system can have more than a marginal effect is dubious. Perhaps it could exert a shame/deterrent influence. Yet "adult" (meaning retarded-development) movies are easily rentable by young people at any video outlet.

Regulatory schemes cannot substitute for parental responsibility. Darken the screen. Tell the little darlings to do their homework. If the school doesn't assign any, assign it yourselves.

Hats Off

THE lead editorial is called "Fading Star," and it tells us about the heartening discovery by Latin American public figures, political and cultural, of the travesties done by Fidel Castro. Mention is made of Spain's disillusionment, and even the widow Allende is there, saying quite dismaying things about the man whose portrait hung in her husband's office when he was shot. The editorial taps enormous resources, worldwide, giving it special newsworthiness.

The second editorial recalls happy developments in New Zealand. Not so very long ago, N.Z. was a sleepy, congenial, hopeless welfare-state mess. Progressive explorations of market alternatives brought on a brisk atmosphere of inventiveness and prosperity now threatened by the country's "wild-card" treasurer and the political leverage of the New Zealand First Party.

The lead op-ed piece cites the most recent rankings of every country in the world. A 486-page book—*1997 Index of Economic Freedom* ("A comprehensive guide to growth in 150 countries from Albania to Zimbabwe. Published by the Heritage Foundation and the *Wall Street Journal*")—is compressed into 1,500 words, evaluating economic freedom in every country. The classifications range from "Free" (including Hong Kong, Switzerland, the U.S., the UK, and Taiwan) all the way down to "Repressed" (Haiti, Mozambique, Cuba, Laos, et al.). We are informed which nations have moved up and down during the last year.

And under that, an essay by Philip Angell, who is vice president of Browning-Ferris Industries. This is a waste-

The Week in Verse

Champagne corks pop, and someone cuts a cake
To fête our *Albright*, *Cohen*, *Berger*, *Lake*—
The new Dream Team, or so we hope they'll be
Once *Clinton's* found a foreign policy.
But, though they've nothing much to promulgate,
Who cares, now there's a female head of *State*?
Whate'er befalls, we're glad that we've got her
Instead of that old woman, *Christopher*.
(Meanwhile there's sympathy for *Miss Reno*,
Allowed to stay because she would not go.)
And what a sign that *Bill's* bipartisan:
His SecDef's *Mr.* (New) *Republican*:
It's nice to know the *GOP's* on board
To cut the forces, and unsheathe the sword
Against the foe: that Gen'ral or trainee
Whose attitude to women's not PC.
What's this? While these new people all come in,
Out at the back is tiptoeing *Jack Quinn*,
Who heeds his family's once-neglected call
(And reads, perhaps, the writing on the wall?).

Yet who's to say that *Clinton's* luck won't hold
When there's no shame to him, although he's sold
The *Lincoln* bedroom (or so say headlines)
To certain hippopotamic felines?
And what though *Watkins* squeals soon or later?
It's only in *Th' American Spectator*.
Nor do the lib'ral-minded carp or whine
When Chinese thugs and bullies come to dine.
No matter what he does, few disagree,
He's still a hero to the *DLC*.
But whence—a mystery!—this broad assent,
Approved (we're told) by 58 per cent?
And 42 per cent believe that *Starr*
Is out to get him, as the right-wing are.
They said that *Reagan* was the Teflon man,
But *Bill's* the oil that's used to coat the pan.

—JUVENAL

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To anyone who tried to reach us by phone in mid December: We are not out of business, or dead. There was a phone-company problem, which we trust will have been fixed by the time you read this. Also, we are taking our traditional Christmastime week off, and so our next issue will be printed January 8. All best wishes for Christmas and the New Year.

removal company that came to New York five years ago with breath deeply drawn because New York's waste-removal business has been a Mafia fiefdom. The cost to New York enterprises has been $1.5 billion, much of that mulcted from the citizenry by armed goons. But wait! Executives of Browning-Ferris two years ago visited the New York district attorney, Robert Morgenthau, and enlisted his help in investigating Mafia involvement in the industry. Now: A string of indictments, to be followed by a second string in the new year. A genuine triumph of self-government and civic idealism.

Why all this? Because, whatever our differences—on immigration, on drugs—we have to hand it to the *Wall Street Journal*'s editorial page under Robert Bartley. They have a golden faucet over there, and every morning, Monday through Friday, it trickles out the best editorial page in the English-speaking world.

NOTES & ASIDES

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Congratulations to you, Wm. F. Buckley Jr., on your recent birthday!

William, how did you spend the day? Using my imagination, I'd say there was a grand birthday dinner in the household. I can see family and distant relatives and best friends and nearby neighbors all around. You were indeed the guest of honor!

By the way, what is your occupation, William? Are you a movie star?

Now, about me. I live in Las Vegas, William, where I have my living room "wall of fame" containing photographs from many celebrities: Bill Clinton, Al Gore, Ronald Reagan, Dan Quayle, Gerald Ford, Jimmy Carter, George Bush, Jay Leno, Robert Mitchum, Larry Hagman, Bob Dole, Johnny Cash, Mary Tyler Moore, Elizabeth Taylor, Jane Fonda, Debbie Reynolds, Frank Sinatra, and hundreds of others.

Could you, William, send me a photograph of yourself, for my wall? I'd be most pleased!

All of the very best to you,
Arthur W. Kercheval
Las Vegas, Nev.

Dear Mr. Kercheval: A movie star! Do you not know *anything*? Did you, by any chance, ever see a picture of the 1936 Olympics? Well . . . At least there are *some* people who remember it, and *all* of them were at my birthday party. Cordially, WFB

Somebody Tell the Magi

Just after Twelfth Night, but before
Inaugurals light up the floor,
The Court will hear Miss Jones' complaint—
A date that leaves the Mrs. faint,
Though the insensitive will lunch
Like Romans watching lions munch.

—W. H. VON DREELE

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Enclosed are the winning entries in the Wethersfield Institute's Ronald Knox Prize for a Model English Translation of the Mass. The first- and second-place entries were printed in the July issue of *Crisis* magazine.

We thought you'd enjoy seeing the results of our contest (many of the entrants responded to the advertisement we placed in NATIONAL REVIEW).

We thought a fair number of experienced writers would be interested. To our delight we received over 500 inquiries for the rules and texts, and of these, 153 sent entries, the largest number of them showing arresting talent and a deep empathy for the meaning and purposes of the prayers.

As judges we enlisted three generous and gifted people: experienced editor Priscilla Buckley, Msgr. Peter Elliott, and Professor Robert Young.

For those who are pleased to have statistics: 80 per cent of the entries came from men, 20 per cent from women; 24 came from clerics, 3 per cent from women religious. They came in from 12 countries: the U.S., Australia, Ireland, England, the Philippines, the West Indies, Canada, Kenya, Poland, Scotland, India, and Japan.

First prize went to Dr. Lauren Pristas, an assistant professor in the Religious Studies Department of Benedictine College, Atchinson, Kansas. She has degrees in Systematic Theology and English. Second prize went to the Rev. Winthrop Briner and associates. The judges also cited for uncommon excellence the translations of: Mr. Christopher Akehurst; the Rev. George Rutler and the Rev. Steven Otellini; and the Rev. Peter Stravinskas.

Rita A. McNamara
Wethersfield Institute
230 Park Avenue, Suite 1528
New York, N.Y. 10169

Dear Miss McNamara: I have read the two first entries and congratulate the writers as well as the Institute for resisting the hugely successful attempt after Vatican II to transform the vernacular into the vulgarian. I have taken the liberty of posting your address for those who wish to avail themselves of the fine new translations. Cordially,

—WFB

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General Chaos

JOHN HILLEN

Roman Genn

WASHINGTON, D.C.

THE conventional wisdom holds that a second-term President, especially one faced with an opposition-led Congress, will make his boldest initiatives in foreign policy. If this scenario does not happen by Bill Clinton's design, it is likely to happen by default. From the collapse of the North Korean nuclear buyout to the moribund Dayton accords on Bosnia to the precarious state of affairs in Haiti to the continued truculence of Saddam Hussein, many foreign-policy problems that were papered over in the past few years are likely to come to the surface in the President's second term.

Indeed, within weeks of his re-election, Commander-in-Chief Clinton had acted swiftly and decisively on several issues. In mid November he extended the Bosnia mission by some 18 months and committed thousands of American troops to an armed intervention in Zaïre—a mission that has since been scaled down to a smaller humanitarian relief effort. Strategic analysts, noting the greatly increased rate of these sorts of operations since 1993, have started to refer to a "Clinton Doctrine" where calculations of national interest, exit strategies, and military efficacy are replaced by a feel-good reprise of the old political syllogism: "Something must be done, this is something, therefore we must do it." Intentions, not results, are the leitmotif of this new strategy.

The military at first resisted: silently abetting and then celebrating the unraveling of Morton Halperin's nomination to a Defense Department post in 1993–94; raising alarm bells about the effects of non-combat operations on warfighting readiness in 1994; and, in 1996, protesting the rape of the procurement accounts that fund future weapons systems. However, the fight has since gone out of the military—or more accurately, the fighters have gone out of the military. Clinton is now putting the finishing touches on his own group of military advisors—team players who will not resist focusing on the protracted and thankless tasks of military interventions in "complex humanitarian emergencies" on the periphery of strategic U.S. interests.

The Clinton team started to be formed in 1994 with the selection of General John Shalikashvili to replace Colin Powell as Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff. The Powell Doctrine, with its emphasis on using the armed forces to accomplish decisively something that could be construed as conclusive (i.e., winning), was now passé. Shalikashvili, by contrast, was the perfect general to implement the Clinton Doctrine. He rose to four-star status not on the strength of a combat record, but because of his command of Operation Provide Comfort, the 1991 mission to protect Kurds in Northern Iraq. Of course, five and a half years later, that mission, which never had an attainable or clearly defined end-state or exit strategy, is still lingering and sapping American resources. Saddam Hussein's Kurdish offensive this past September even swept away whatever rhetorical successes could be claimed by the mission. But, while American fighter jets continue to bore holes in the sky over Northern Iraq, enforcing the no-fly zone, and Kurds resume the ancient art of internecine fighting among themselves, the architect of the mission's indeterminate military strategy is now the President's chief military advisor.

And the assembling of Shalikashvili's supporting cast is now completed. The recent selection for Chief of Naval Operations, Admiral Jay Johnson, was chosen because of his performance commanding the Haiti intervention. Ronald Fogleman, the Air Force Chief of Staff, was a fighter pilot in his early career but came to his current position straight from commanding the Air Force's transport and refueling planes—the real stars of peacekeeping and humanitarian relief operations. General Dennis Reimer, the Army Chief of Staff, not having a humanitarian-intervention background himself, is at least mounting an impressive oratorical challenge. In a recent speech to a strategy conference in Boston he twice stated that "the U.S. Army is the rapid-reaction force for the global village." With the size and budget of the Army constantly under attack, one wonders if Reimer thinks it takes a village to save an Army.

Leaders like Reimer are drifting away from the strategic needs of the nation and grafting themselves onto the short-term political agenda of the Clinton Doctrine as a matter of institutional survival. The handwriting on the wall points to muddling through more Bosnias and Zaïres, not preparing for another Desert Storm. In fact, the planning documents for the Department of Defense's 1997 Quadrennial Defense Review clearly reflect the perceived importance of the military's being struc-

Intentions, not results, are the leitmotif of the Clinton Doctrine.

Mr. Hillen is the defense-policy analyst at the Heritage Foundation.

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tured to address the near-term political requirements of humanitarian crises instead of the military requirements of less predictable and less frequent warfighting scenarios. Pentagon planners tracking recent history know that a crisis of some sort strikes every two or three months while a conflict on the scale of the Persian Gulf War occurs once every 15 years or so.

EVEN so, in the past, Defense planners factored in a "value-added" component, putting extra stress on planning for the conflicts that would have greater consequences for the United States' national security and the international security environment. Under this system, conflicts were judged by their inherent strategic gravity, not their mere occurrence. In contrast, the Clinton Doctrine judges conflicts by CNN's standards: if they happen, they must be solved. Hence the American military is shifting its focus from preparation for large-scale combat operations to the most frequent but least consequential conflicts.

It is the job of the team players making up Clinton's military Chiefs to bluff and bluster their way through this shift while supporting the boss. Much noise will be made about the sense of urgency with which the U.S. military still views its warfighting missions—"We have an Army, not a Salvation Army," as Defense Secretary William Perry is fond of saying, even as he prepares for yet another piece of international social work. There will be further blasts on the warfighting-preparedness trumpets, even as the Joint Chiefs are overseeing ever-shrinking armed forces operating at their most frenetic pace since Vietnam. It has been left up to the General Accounting Office and other outside agencies to reveal the deleterious effects of this strain on combat readiness and morale.

Of course, it is the President's prerogative to surround himself with men who think like him. Between 1963 and 1965 Presidents Kennedy and Johnson tried to pack the Joint Chiefs with the kind of men they needed to fight Vietnam on the cheap. Kennedy, upset with the quality of the military advice he received during the Laotian crisis of 1961 and during the Cuban Missile crisis, wanted generals who would offer more options. In particular, he and Defense Secretary Robert McNamara cast about for military advisors who would offer middle-ground solutions that represented neither winning nor losing—generals who believed in graduated pressure, signaling, and the primacy of military plans that were controllable, rather than successful.

By 1965, Johnson had his Vietnam team in place. Admiral George Anderson, the Chief of Naval Operations, who questioned Administration policy, was retired and made Ambassador to Portugal. General George Decker, the Army Chief, who was equally skeptical of the emerging Vietnam strategy, was replaced by General Earle Wheeler, an Army four-star general with no combat record at all and a man whom one Marine officer on the Joint Staff referred to as "the Army's highest-ranking sycophant." Popular Air Force war hero Curtis LeMay was sacked (after the 1964 election) and replaced with General John McConnell, one of the few Air Force pilots who would be willing to oversee the fruitless and costly Rolling Thunder air campaign, which started a few months later.

Johnson got his yes-men, and Clinton has assembled his constables for the global village. They will support the Clinton Doctrine faithfully—and if they waver, others can be found to do the job. The U.S. military will continue to dedicate an inordinate amount of its resources and energies to humanitarian interventions and peacekeeping operations that offer might-work options, ambiguous goals and methods, unmeasurable criteria for success, unidentifiable end-states, and solutions that are temporary and easily overturned. The pay-off in terms of national security will be small, and the deterioration in the warfighting capabilities of the U.S. military will mushroom with each mission. Unfortunately, as in other periods in American history, the voices calling for a continued focus on the unexpected and worst-case warfighting scenarios will sound as strident and antiquated as Churchill in the 1930s. In Clinton's global village, fighting is not allowed and the meek shall inherit the Joint Chiefs. □

Senate Quo

RICH LOWRY

WASHINGTON, D.C.

SEN. James Jeffords (R., Vt.) enlisted as a sponsor of the Clinton health-care bill in 1993. He voted for national service, family leave, and the Brady Bill, and he opposed the tax cuts in the Contract with America. In 1994, according to the *Almanac of American Politics*, Jeffords's vote for a Democratic campaign-finance reform bill so enraged Phil Gramm, who was then chairman of the National Republican Senatorial Committee, that he ripped Jeffords's picture off a wall in the committee's lobby. Nonetheless, in 1997, Jeffords is set to become a GOP power-broker. He has dodged a potential challenge from Sen. Dan Coats (R., Ind.) and in January will claim the chairmanship of the crucial Senate Labor Committee, while also becoming a brand-new member of another key committee, Finance.

"We were sitting here hoping that Coats would win," says one Senate staffer, "and all of a sudden Jeffords wins that battle and gets on Finance too, and it's like, 'Hmm, what else can we do for Jim today?' " Jeffords's ascendancy in what is the most conservative Senate in well over fifty years is a cautionary sign. Majority Leader Trent Lott seems to have discouraged the more conservative Coats from making a run at Jeffords for the Labor chairmanship in order to avoid a nasty internal fight at the outset of the 105th Congress. Chalk up a victory for one traditional Senate value: collegiality. Then Jeffords got on the marquee Finance Committee thanks to a difficult-to-circumvent formula for awarding assignments to top committees on the basis of a senator's length of service. A victory for another Senate value: seniority.

The 1996 elections brought an infusion of new conservative blood into the Senate Republican Conference; according to activist Paul Weyrich's (optimistic) count, the number of Republican conservatives is 47, approaching a majority of the entire body. Some people inside Washington have even speculated that in 1997 the Senate rather than the House will be the engine of conservative reform within Washington.

Mr. Lowry is NR*'s national political reporter.*

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But don't bet on it. The fundamental nature of the Senate, a balky body ready to stall at any minute, hasn't changed. Meanwhile, the eight or so moderate-to-liberal Senate Republicans are as entrenched as ever within the Senate hierarchy. As a liberal, James Jeffords may be an exception within the Republican Conference, but he proves a rule: change in the U.S. Senate comes in baby steps, or not at all.

NONE of this is to discount the historic shift that has occurred in the Senate's leadership. In the mid 1970s the Senate Steering Committee was founded with just a handful of members to organize embattled conservatives within the Senate Republican Conference. It had an executive committee that would quietly provide direction to the group and choose its chairman. Today, a flow chart would show straight lines from that executive committee to Senate leadership positions: Majority Leader Trent Lott, Policy Committee Chairman Larry Craig, Conference Chairman Connie Mack, and Conference Secretary Paul Coverdell all worked together on the executive committee of the Senate Steering Committee. "If he were to sit down and say, 'Who's going to be my kitchen cabinet,'" one leadership aide says of Lott, "this would pretty much be it."

But if the Senate leadership is cohesive, the institution it runs isn't. Each senator is a fiefdom to himself, especially the committee chairmen. Jeffords at Labor will handle almost all important domestic legislation. He already demonstrated last year—as chairman of an Appropriations subcommittee—how one senator can gum up the works when he almost single-handedly scuttled a D.C. school-choice bill. Just as problematic is John Chafee, chairman of the Environment and Public Works Committee. In 1995 Chafee survived a mini-revolt of his subcommittee chairmen by promising them more autonomy. But he was still able to wait out attempts to reform environmental laws. "He kept people talking all year long," says one Senate aide. "He'd hold hearings and there was no real outcome to a lot of them."

Jeffords and Chafee at the top of their respective committees are just the most visible parts of a larger problem: the composition of key Senate committees. The Finance Committee handles all tax and entitlement bills. Republicans have a slim 11 to 9 majority on this committee. But two of those votes are perennial dissidents Jeffords and Chafee, which means, in effect, that Republicans have no majority at all. "It's a crippling, an absolutely crippling line-up," says one leadership staffer. On the Jeffords-led Labor Committee one of the GOP troops providing the 9 to 7 Republican majority is newly elected Maine moderate Susan Collins. "That's a real problem too, but we don't know how much of a problem," says a Senate aide. Then, there is the key Appropriations Committee, led by Ted Stevens (R., Alaska), who has a taste for pork; the committee's other members include moderates Arlen Specter (R., Pa.) and Ben Nighthorse Campbell (R., Colo.). "On social issues," says a Senate aide, "the Appropriations Committee is a death zone."

Changes in internal Republican rules

Roman Genn

adopted in 1995 were supposed to counterbalance the centrifugal forces of the Senate. One crucial reform was providing that committee chairmen be elected individually by the entire conference, a step away from the old seniority-driven system. This was supposed to provide more accountability. But no committee chairman will face a contested election this year. Republicans also agreed to begin adopting a conference-wide agenda at the start of each Congress. The idea was that if committee chairmen didn't support this benchmark Republican agenda, they could be voted out. But in January committee chairmen will be selected before Republicans even adopt an agenda, which in any case is not binding. "If I'm one of the chairmen," says one Senate aide, "I'm laughing my a-- off."

If a conservative juggernaut in the Senate is unlikely, the body can have its uses even as it returns to what Trent Lott calls "regular order." A power properly belonging to Congress, but which Republicans neglected during the last two years, is oversight. It came to be synonymous with Sen. Al D'Amato's Whitewater hearings. But no one specialized in the kind of nitty-gritty grilling of agencies that Democrats like John Dingell used so effectively to impose their agenda on the executive branch. "We just didn't have experienced staff asking enough good questions and enough members interested in the meat and potatoes of oversight," says one Senate aide. Republicans are hoping to change that. One subcommittee in the House has even pulled transcripts of Dingell hearings to read as quasi instruction manuals, and Lott is emphasizing the importance of detailed oversight hearings.

Another traditional Senate function, confirming Administration appointees, also has untapped political potential. The key battleground will be judges. In recent years, Senate insiders have considered Judiciary Committee Chairman Orrin Hatch a rubber-stamp for Clinton nominees. There is pressure for that to change. "I think the rank-and-file Senators here are fed up with Hatch making deals and putting judges above party," says a leadership aide. Hatch has indeed made aggressive noises lately, but unless the Administration serves up nominees with glaring left-wing records it will be tough to oppose them. "Right now," says a Senate aide, "I have no confidence that we're going to stop judges."

Even with all its institutional stumbling blocks, the Senate can be an effective political weapon. Democrat George Mitchell proved it when he used every procedural and political tool at his disposal to combat the Bush Administration. Among Senate GOP insiders, Mitchell is often talked about as a model for Lott. The new Majority Leader certainly has the skills to pull it off. He has better strategic sense than Bob Dole, even if he too has a noticeable pragmatic streak. Conservatives, for instance, were alarmed by the way Lott approved a raft of Clinton judges earlier this year. But compromise is inevitably part of Lott's job. "What we'll have," predicts one observer, "is a more conservative Senate with a more conservative Majority Leader—but it will still be the U.S. Senate." For Jeffords—and the White House—that's good news indeed. □

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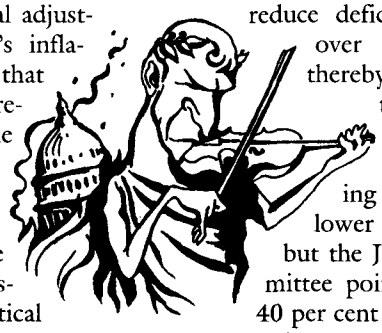
BREAD & CIRCUSES

MY mother reports that as a toddler I touched a hot stove only once, displaying an early ability to learn from experience. (Of course, I wasn't a blonde back then.) This ability is in surprisingly short supply among congressional Republicans. Still worshipping at the shrine of deficit reduction, some GOP congressmen are itching to make a technical adjustment in the government's inflation index. The idea is that this would dramatically reduce the deficit over the next few years. But it would do so by raising taxes and reducing Social Security benefits. The Republicans' only concession to their own political health is to insist that Bill Clinton lead the way over this particular cliff.



Economists agree that the Consumer Price Index, which measures consumer prices for a fixed market basket of goods and services, exaggerates the cost of living. As Ed Rubenstein explains in greater detail [see Right Data], because the CPI doesn't allow for consumers' tendency to substitute cheaper goods for higher-priced ones, the growing popularity of discount shopping, or the higher quality of new products, it overstates increases in the cost of living. It thus inflates the cost-of-living adjustments used to index Social Security and military retirees' benefits, and income-tax brackets, personal exemptions, and the standard deduction.

A commission of economists headed by Michael Boskin, Chairman of the Council of Economic Advisors under George Bush, recently concluded that the CPI probably overstates inflation by (a misleadingly precise) 1.1 percentage points a year. The percentage looks small, but the consequences of adjusting the CPI would be enormous.

First, the good news. Economic performance over the past two decades has been much better than indicated by the faulty CPI. Properly measured, real median family income has risen by 36 per cent since 1972, not by 4 per cent as current government statistics indicate. So we have been better off than we thought—but many of us are not going to be as well off in the future if the CPI is adjusted downward. That's the red-hot stove that some politicians are sorely tempted to touch.

They are tempted because a 1-point downward adjustment in the CPI would reduce deficits by $600 billion over the next ten years, thereby making their pledge to balance the budget far easier to live up to. Most of the saving would come from lower benefit payments, but the Joint Economic Committee points out that roughly 40 per cent of it will come in the form of higher taxes on "primarily middle-class taxpayers." Uh-oh. Benefit cuts and tax increases? Whose responsibility will this combustible combination be?

The clearly erroneous index is calculated by the Bureau of Labor Statistics, which can be expected to make some needed adjustments over time. But the Boskin Commission recommended that the President and Congress make a larger adjustment and make it now. Senate Finance Committee Chairman William Roth stresses that any change must be "broadly and deeply bi-partisan." Like the congressional pay raise of seven years ago?

Some conservatives are warning Republican legislators of the dangers they face. Steve Forbes predicts that if Republicans are seen as advocating tax increases and benefit cuts they will squander the political capital needed to make the reforms that are really needed in the whole structure of Social Security. "If Republicans get caught up in looking as if we're trying to do something to current recipients, we'll be hammered the way we were on Medicare," says Forbes, who urges members of Congress to "look at the big picture—a major reform of Social Security for young people."

Forbes is not alone. Dave Mastio, writing in *Slate*, points out that adopting Boskin's recommendation for reducing Social Security COLAs would abort the growing interest in Social Security reform by providing a short-term fix to the trust fund's financial problems.

Leila Bates, director of tax and budget policy at Citizens for a Sound Economy, believes it is up to Bill Clinton to prod the BLS to reform the index. "Republicans shouldn't want to be accused of raising taxes and cutting benefits," she states.

Senator Pat Moynihan, Capitol Hill's biggest enthusiast for a downward adjustment to the CPI precisely *because* it would stall major Social Security reforms, declares "We're not trying to cut, we're not trying to raise. We're proposing an accurate count." But Republicans who spent the past year making unlistened-to arguments about reductions in the rate of growth of Medicare shouldn't relish spending the next two years playing defense on Social Security reductions.

AND they would be facing the same tormentors. The American Association of Retired Persons and the AFL–CIO oppose a major CPI adjustment. Bill Clinton might embrace it now, and later get away with distancing himself from this "Republican reduction in benefits." Which is how House Minority Leader Dick Gephardt could be counted on to describe it even if the Administration was supporting it.

Congressman Chris Cox (R., Calif.) believes that it is up to the Bureau of Labor Statistics to see that the CPI is as accurate as possible and rejects the Boskin plan as a way to cut spending. Unlike too many members who are yearning to reduce the deficit "painlessly," Cox scorns the "Darmanesque gimmick" of using COLA cuts to achieve "so-called savings," and he doesn't want government revenues to increase as much as they would under the Boskin plan.

Congressman David McIntosh (R., Ind.) agrees that it would be a "terrible idea" for Congress to adjust the CPI in a way that would impose "a hidden tax increase on the middle class."

Republicans in Congress should let the Bureau of Labor Statistics make appropriate adjustments in the market basket used to calculate the CPI. The only downward adjustments they should be contemplating are in our record tax and spending levels.

—KATE O'BEIRNE

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ON THE SCENE

The New South Africa

R. W. JOHNSON

Roman Genn

JOHANNESBURG

AS South Africa's first democratic government passed the mid-way stage of its first term in October, the overwhelming fact was that while the "miracle" transition continues to be celebrated abroad, at home the honeymoon is well and truly over. Again and again, visiting celebrities (Henry Kissinger being a recent example) say how marvelous the whole situation is and comment that they just can't understand why South African businessmen are so massively pessimistic. The government has thoroughly cottoned onto this and is determined to stop the purveyors of pessimism—"the non-patriotic section of the bourgeoisie," as they are termed. Recently, the deputy president (and shoo-in future president), Thabo Mbeki, pounced upon a businessman who had sent pessimistic press clippings about car hijackings and the horrendous murder rate (nine times that of New York) to his friends abroad. He was hurriedly disowned by his company and forced into early retirement. Other businessmen are more circumspect—it passes without comment that most of them are willing to make statements to the press "on condition that their anonymity is respected" or even "for fear of reprisals if their identity is revealed." Others, when pestered by eyes-aglow foreign visitors about why they aren't more cheerful, tend merely to say, If things are so good, how come things are so bad?

The visitors have a point. After a decade (1982–92) in which falls in GDP were more frequent than rises, the economy grew by 1.3 per cent in 1993, 2.7 per cent in 1994, and 3.3 per cent in 1995; growth will probably be around 3 per cent in 1996. Between July 1994 and December 1995 over $7 billion of foreign capital flowed into the country, ending a ten-year period when capital outflows averaged around $1.2 billion a year. Moreover, this economic recovery has occurred in the context of falling inflation (now around 8.5 per cent). At the same time, apartheid has gone; race relations are more relaxed; there is no more detention without trial, house arrest, or banning; the press is freer than for a generation; and the country is led by a gentle and enormously popular president who enjoys majority support among all races, the first time such a thing has ever been achieved.

The trouble is that much of this is yesterday's news. Our local businessman would point instead to the fact that since February the currency has fallen 30 per cent against the dollar, a clear sign that international markets have no confidence in the government. The foreign reserves are down to a point where they cover just one month's imports; crime has soared and brought vigilantism in its wake. The justice system, public hospitals, and significant parts of both the education and welfare systems are in a state of collapse. There is strong and ominous pressure upon the two key liberal institutions—the press and the universities—and the rule of law is unevenly observed. The loss of professional manpower due to accelerated white emigration (up by a quarter over last year) together with sometimes rash affirmative-action policies threatens to undermine many public-sector institutions. An AIDS epidemic is inexorably advancing, we've just had our first Ebola death—and meanwhile unemployment is still rising beyond the 40 per cent mark. Unless this tidal wave of unemployment can be turned back it is difficult to see how not just minimal welfare standards but public order and democracy itself can be maintained.

BUT then a lot of this too has the ring of yesterday's news. Under the rightly hated apartheid regime we saw the Rand fall from 1 to the dollar to 3.65 to the dollar (it's at 4.62 now). Liberal white professionals emigrated in large numbers then too. The government was immensely corrupt and watched education in black areas collapse. The universities and the press came under enormous pressure, and unemployment edged ever upward. Exactly the same fury was directed against those spirits bold enough to publicize uncomfortable truths and thus damage the prospects for tourism and investment in the country.

For this is the great secret of the new South Africa—"the miracle nation," as it likes to call itself. A great deal of politically correct journalism notwithstanding, the continuities between Afrikaner and African nationalism are far greater than the discontinuities. The best way of understanding what is going on in this country now is to go back to 1948, when the Afrikaner National Party first took power. To a degree that is seldom remembered now, the NP stood for a socialism for poor whites, a sort of African Huey Longism: it hated Jewish capitalists and the English-speaking upper class, and it wanted to nationalize the main source of the country's wealth, the gold and diamond mines. Once the NP was in power this radicalism was soon shelved: mine nationalization was quietly forgotten, peace was made with the capitalists, and, after a few years, Jews and English-speakers were invited to join the party. For the reality was that on the backs of poor white Afrikaners a

Mr. Johnson writes on South Africa for the London Times, *the* London Review of Books, *and the* New Statesman.

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new class had risen to power, of small-town lawyers, clerics, journalists, and teachers. They quickly enriched themselves and their extended families, using every facet of state patronage to do so. Not only did they make the post office, the police, and every other public service a theater of affirmative-action appointments for Afrikaners, but they also passed job-reservation laws specifically forbidding blacks to compete for such jobs. The English-speakers, angrily pointing out the lower standards of public service and the corruption such policies produced, retreated to the private sector—or abroad.

The continuities between Afrikaner and African nationalism are far greater than the discontinuities.

Today it is the ANC that has quickly shelved its commitment to nationalize the mines and made a hasty peace with capital. For on the backs of the millions of poor peasants and shanty-town dwellers whose votes swept in the ANC, another class of teachers, trade unionists, lawyers, and clerics has ridden to power and is enriching itself by precisely the same means. While this class preaches the need for "a non-racist, non-sexist South Africa," in practice all white males are treated as virtual pariahs. Visiting a state-owned armaments factory recently, one woman cabinet minister had the labor force assembled, angrily demanded that all middle-aged white males stand up, and then castigated them for being too many, vowing that the industry would have to be "transformed," meaning that they would have to lose their jobs. The problem, of course, is that most of these men were highly trained technicians—rocket scientists and the like—and there just are no black women replacements.

In many cases this apparently doesn't matter: the management of Transnet, which runs the country's railways and harbors and the national airline, has just been handed over to an ANC activist, aged 37, with no business experience. He openly boasts that he intends to learn nothing from the old management—"What did they know about transformation, after all?" Or again, a young (white) woman economist I know was recently approached to take the No. 2 job in the Reserve Bank. "But I know nothing about monetary policy," she said. It doesn't matter, she was told—you'd know whom to ask. This is an affirmative-action post and if we can't get a black we have to have a woman. She had the integrity to turn the offer down, but such self-abnegation is rare. It is now the whites as a whole who grumble about what policies like these will do to public services as they retreat abroad or into the private sector.

It appears that some of these grumbles will be justified, for already much of the public sector is lurching into deficit and worse looks to be ahead, especially since some state concerns now have an explicit policy of giving contracts to black firms provided their bids are not more than 12.5 per cent higher than their rivals'. (When Transnet—which has such a policy—racked up a R250-million deficit this year, the chairman commented, "A company cannot, indeed must not, be judged only on its figures. In many ways this year has been one of extraordinary growth.")

Already there has been a large clearing out of whites from the civil service—which is supposed to be being shrunk in size but is actually growing rapidly as large numbers of blacks are recruited. However, there has been a huge escalation in costs as many of the retiring whites are hired back as consultants to do the jobs their affirmative-action replacements can't do. It is, of course, virtually impossible to say this publicly, for affirmative action is the professional ideology of the new class and it is they who define political correctness.

When the Afrikaner nationalists came to power the Broederbond secret society constituted their inner core—prime ministers and cabinet members were always Broeders, as were most judges, higher civil servants, university presidents, and the like. Broederbond, conscious of the necessary compromises of power, tried to keep the sacred flame of nationalist ideology alive and prevent the movement from slipping too easily into opportunism. An exactly comparable role is played within the ANC by the South African Communist Party. The fact that some of its members are open and some still covert makes the SACP's influence hard to measure; most guesses are that a good third of the cabinet are members, but no one really knows. More important than sheer numbers, however, is the SACP's traditional role as the ANC's strategic brain. However, far more quickly than occurred with the Broederbond, the SACP is finding that while it holds more power than it ever dreamed of, it is increasingly unsure what it stands for. Rather than answer such questions it is easier by far to dwell upon the past, an appetite catered to by the Truth and Reconciliation Commission. The TRC, with its steady diet of apartheid atrocities, makes the ANC feel comfortable by dwelling on the simpler anti-apartheid past: for the ANC is a good deal unhappier in the present.

The ANC has, in effect, abandoned its original five-year Reconstruction and Development Program of Keynesian welfare spending and opted instead for an orthodox strategy of a balanced budget and debt reduction. Nelson Mandela himself, without apparent embarrassment, has in a few short years gone from trying to convince Swiss bankers of the merits of nationalization to announcing flatly that "privatization is the policy of the ANC." It is already becoming hard to remember the heady days of 1990–94 when men who are now be-suited cabinet ministers marched in demonstrations declaring their faith in socialism, "people's power," and such maxims as "VAT kills." Nowadays such ministers travel in Mercedeses, never mention socialism, deplore such manifestations of "people's power" as the anti-crime vigilante movements, and wonder if they shouldn't increase VAT.

FACED with this, the SACP mutters bitterly but doesn't want to rock the boat. Instead it talks of how the party must "share trenches with the patriotic bourgeoisie" and "struggle for greater hegemony" while keeping alive "the national democratic revolution." The irony is that seldom has South Africa seen class politics in so straightforward a form as in the last two and a half years—and yet the Party is, in effect, prohibited from mentioning the fact that while inequalities between blacks and whites have continued to decline, inequalities within the black community have soared. Oddly, the causes of egalitarianism and socialism are most strongly espoused by the black political elite—all comfortably within the top 1 per cent by income. This lopsidedness defies the political laws of

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gravity and is a potent reason for the ANC's real policy drift. It is entirely obvious that, all rhetoric apart, the new ministers do not really care about building more houses, heading off the AIDS crisis, or creating more jobs even one-tenth as much as they care about making sure that affirmative-action policies are applied within their own sections of the government bureaucracy.

THUS, although the cause advances under some strange banners, a middle-class revolution is in full progress, and one needs to take the old slogans of the Left less and less seriously, for provided that the new class is allowed to enrich itself as it wishes, it has less and less quarrel with the old social structure. It is, however, a richly nuanced process, not least because the political legitimacy of the wealthy new elite depends on its continuing claim to represent the African poor. For all that, it seems clear that the ANC–SACP, having been elected to carry through a socialist revolution, now stands poised to carry through a capitalist revolution instead. This means that the new elite has to perform some strange gyrations simply to stand still.

The results can be comic, as when the black premier of Gauteng (the area around Johannesburg), Tokyo Sexwale, took up the cause of black squatters at Thembelihle, whose wish for resettlement at Naturena was opposed by the somewhat better-off blacks of that suburb who believed that such a development would bring higher crime and devalue their hard-won property. The Naturena residents marched to Sexwale's own mansion in the elite white suburb of Houghton and built a shack in front of it as a protest. Sexwale sped to the squatter camp, where he denounced the Naturena residents as "middle-class upstarts": "These people are like promoted slaves. The most vicious person against a slave is a promoted slave, who can be more vicious than a slave owner." He himself might live in Houghton but he had come from a shack in Soweto and was known as someone who still "goes about with poor people." Moreover, he insisted, the squatters were pleased that he lived in Houghton because he provided a role model of black achievement. The black paper *City Press* encapsulated Sexwale's balancing act in a single hilarious photo of him stripped to the waist next to his large BMW. Sexwale had begun his day with the squatters and had donned a track suit in which to address these raggedy people, but, for his next appointment, he was making a quick roadside change to his normal, well-tailored business suit.

This then, is the new South Africa—a sort of African Brazil, riven by class and racial differences, a country with a murder rate nine times that of New York, yet a country full of hope and hilarity as well as cynicism. Over it all presides the benign figure of Nelson Mandela, a sort of Reagan of the Left, a Teflon President much beloved by his people, a man truly too old to be president, surrounded by adoring advisors who rush forward to "explain" when the president mis-speaks. He is undeniably the first president in South Africa's history to enjoy majority support from all racial groups. He is literally beyond criticism—not entirely a happy fact in a democracy, but at least while he presides democracy is safe.

And after Mandela? There are certainly many dangers. The man almost certain to succeed him, Thabo Mbeki, is not popular—and, in the anticlimax that is bound to follow Mandela, he will encounter a great deal of criticism to which he will surely react badly. He has surrounded himself with a circle of extremely low-grade advisors, with pride of place going to Essop Pahad, an authoritarian Indian Communist. Mbeki has already made it clear that he wants considerably stronger state influence over the media. But he is a sophisticate who realizes how much he has to lose by disappointing the international gallery of liberal opinion that supported the anti-apartheid struggle.

The larger problem is that none of the three big parties ever really wanted liberal democracy. The National Party wanted apartheid and implemented it as long as it could. Chief Buthelezi's Inkatha Freedom Party clearly felt most comfortable with a form of chiefly rule only thinly attenuated by democratic window-dressing. The SACP, which did the ANC's thinking for it, wanted, until 1988, to build "East Germany in Africa"—and the implicit push toward single-partyism is still strong. So we have a liberal democracy of sorts but not enough real democrats. The most important party after the ANC is very arguably neither the NP nor the IFP but the tiny Democratic Party, which, with less than 2 per cent of the MPs, asks 40 per cent of parliamentary questions, exposes corruption, demands accountability, and generally won't be bullied or shushed. No other African state has had a party like the DP to ventilate the political system, though all have needed one.

The real danger to democracy, however, will come from two directions. First, the government is more or less bound to fail in its grandiose hopes, and the trade unions, the SACP, and the ANC Left are merely biding their time before they launch an ideological counter-revolution against the current rapprochement with business and the West. Secondly, as the new elite calmly abandons its promises to alleviate the plight of the African poor, the contrast between its increasing wealth and the increasing poverty of the majority will become glaring. Quite possibly the political class will then support a clamp-down on those—the DP, a free media—who point out that glaring contradiction. Conceivably these threats could amalgamate into one. Should such fears be realized, there would be nothing to stop South Africa from following the rest of Africa into a downward spiral of tyranny, corruption, and ruin.

As yet, however, it is all to play for—and the tradition of dissent is too strong in South Africa for any government to place its heel upon that neck with impunity. For decades South Africans wondered whether the country would ever survive the black–white conflagration which seemed inevitable. In the end such fears were easily laid to rest. Now we have begun to worry about the fate of our new democracy instead. There is almost as much to worry about as there was under apartheid; in some ways more, since we can hardly expect the same international outcry against moves toward dominant-party hegemony as was provoked by apartheid. And while South Africa's miracle transition was not quite as miraculous as it seemed to foreigners, South Africans have at least learned that the future is far more open and surprising than one might have thought, while the past is even fuller of ghosts and demons than one feared. □

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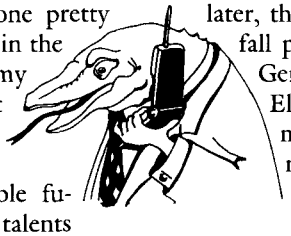
GEKKO

WITH the absorption, or "merger" of McDonnell Douglas into Boeing, one might well wonder if any defense contractors are still sitting alone at the Pentagon singles bar at closing time. Over the past few years these stocks have done pretty well, considering the crash in the procurement budget. For my part, I can't imagine what need we could possibly have for most of our armed forces in the foreseeable future, given the diplomatic talents of the Clinton foreign-policy team. Then again, as Trotsky once put it, "You may not be interested in war, but war is interested in you."



Even if most of the defense barflies have already been taken home, an interesting newcomer has just joined the party. Tenneco, a gas-pipeline company, turned itself into a conglomerate during the Sixties and Seventies. It has been deconglomerating in recent years. The idea is that Tenneco's core company can attract investors interested in the now-hip natural-gas business, whereas these people aren't so interested in its subsidiary Newport News Shipbuilding, which has a monopoly on building the Navy's aircraft carriers. So NNS is being spun-off to Tenneco's energy-oriented shareholders who, in turn, are likely to dump it on the market.

Lots of people, including myself, have sneered at aircraft carriers over the years. They look so vulnerable and inefficient. But then again, when you have "allies" like the French and the Saudis, it's handy to have a dozen or so of these things so that you don't have to depend on land bases that may not be available when you need them. So aircraft carriers will be around, and when they wear out they will have to be replaced. Also, according to Newport News's documentation, it costs over a billion dollars each to refuel and refit these things. And there is only one place for the Navy to do this: Newport News. This is probably the biggest razor-blade-replacement business in the world

Anyway, NNS is likely to sell off in the first few weeks it's on the market after being spun off. Initially, its market capitalization will be around a half a billion dollars, which reflects its high debt level and an initial lack of interest on the part of most investors. Sooner or later, though, it will almost certainly fall prey to a bigger fish, such as General Dynamics. GD owns Electric Boat, which makes most of the country's submarines. Newport News has a commitment from the Navy for contracts to build two new attack subs. GD, which probably thinks of competition for this business as an unnatural act, has a vault stuffed with cash, a high-priced stock, and reasonably good relations with the Defense Department. If GD takes itself out of any bidding for this company, there are a couple of other defense contractors who will be interested. It's not easy to find value in this market, but you could do worse than to look at Newport News after an initial selloff.

■ You remember those scenes in the old horror movies where the unbalanced scientist is told by a horrified colleague that he is "tampering with the fundamental forces of nature"? Of course, the scientist goes on tampering until the ghastly consequences become apparent. Such was the scene in Dublin earlier this month, where the Finance Ministers of the European Union worked out a "stability pact" that is supposed to guarantee the value of the forthcoming Euro currency. Of course, the moment the "stability pact" seemed to be a sure thing, the European currencies that are to be merged into the Euro promptly sold off against the dollar.

"Uh-oh. I was just about to make a tender offer, but here comes my wife with a hostile takeover."

To be fair, the Eurocrats managed to reassure some people in the financial markets. Unfortunately for the Euro, they were the wrong people. Gold investors and market makers, who look back on 1996 as a sort of prolonged Bataan Death March, seized on the prospect that any currency with such a shaky basis has to make gold look good by comparison. Currency dealers, bond arbitrageurs, and all the other "Anglo-Saxon" speculators that the French government thinks will be confounded by the advent of the Euro took heart that their cause was not lost. For a moment or two, they had thought that speculative opportunities would begin to disappear in the new, united Europe. Now the more forward-looking see the chance for yet more ill-gotten gains.

Basically, what the "stability pact" tries to do is simultaneously ensure both the preservation of national sovereignty and the supremacy of the European Union. And that can't be done. What the pact does is force governments that run budget deficits above a certain level to pay substantial penalties to the Eurocrats. This increases those deficits, of course. Imagine the first time this happens, when a European government struggling with budget cuts in the middle of recession must explain to its population why it must slash services further to pay tribute to Brussels. Anglo-Saxons will look pretty good by comparison.

■ Your eyes probably glazed over at a story earlier this fall about the renegotiation of the U.S. forces' disposition on the Japanese island of Okinawa. One of the points of the deal was that a Marine air base would be moved to an offshore platform. And so while your eyes were glazed, shipowners' were alight. Build ing that platform is expected to require all the spare capacity of the Japanese shipyards, which means overcapacity—the bane of the industry—may be postponed for another year or so.

—JOHN DIZARD

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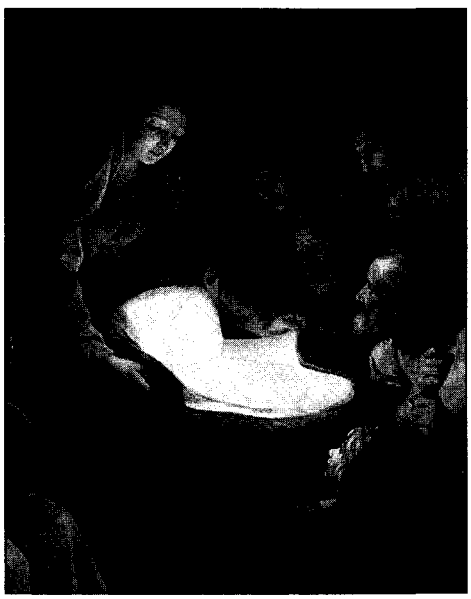
The Empty Crèche

Though the multiculturalists have tried to strip Christmas of its meaning, its truth shall abide.

RICHARD JOHN NEUHAUS

THEY are doing funny things with our holidays. The birthdays of Washington and Lincoln have long since been conflated into "Presidents' Day." Conflated is the wrong word. They have been displaced by something that, to the extent it has any discernible meaning apart from another day off, is a tribute to the office of the Presidency or to Presidents in general. Considering the uneven merits of Presidents, it has the virtue, I suppose, of serving the civic religion of equality. Washington, Lincoln, Harding, Clinton, or Whoever, as Bob Dole might say. But Presidents' Day is the least of it.

This year much media attention was given the growing popularity of Halloween. The trend, as with birthday parties, is for adults to go in big for something that used to be for children. It is no doubt part of the infantilizing of an affluent society that doesn't know what to do with itself. Halloween, of course, means "All Hallow Even," but that was a long time ago. Now it's all about ghosties and ghoulies and things that give a bump to the bottom line. Halloween, they tell us, is now ahead of Easter and Mother's Day in terms of consumer spending.



Feminists don't much like Mother's Day, and Easter never had a secure place in the civic religion. It is so very, well, so very Christian. Christmas is a little better. You can do a lot with a mother, a baby, being shut out of an inn, and following your star without getting into something so embarrassingly specific as the Incarnation. But Easter is impossible. To paraphrase St. Paul writing to the Corinthians: Despite bunnies, parades, and the arrival of spring, if Christ be not raised, your Easter is in vain. There was no effort to disguise the glee in those news reports about Easter being beaten out by Halloween. In what fancies itself a postmodern era (hyper-modern is the more accurate term), it is easier to deal with socially constructed ghosties than with a resurrected Lord.

There is much talk about our culture's hostility to religion, leading to what someone has called the naked public square. In the paperback edition of his best-selling *The Culture of Disbelief*, Stephen Carter writes: "It is not and has never been my contention that the public square—the place where we debate public policy—is *hostile* to religion. Many observers of our politics, Richard John Neuhaus and William Bennett prominent among them, do make that claim with some force, but my thought is different: I argue that in the public square, religion is too often *trivialized*, treated as an unimportant facet of human personality, one easily discarded, and one with which public-spirited citizens would not bother." Trivialized, treated as unimportant, easily discarded, and not to be bothered with. It sounds very much like hostility to me.

In fact, the hostility to religion is very selective. The hostility fixes only on the religion affirmed, however confusedly, by 90 per cent of the American people. Generic and exotic religions—as in "spirituality" and rites of ethnic identity—are much favored by the high priests and priestesses of civic piety. In recent years, Kwanzaa, an African-American substitute for Christmas, has been puffed by merchants who know a promising niche market when they see it. It is the more promising because most blacks also celebrate Christmas, thus providing a two-for-one marketing opportunity. Kwanzaa is from Swahili for "fist," referring, it is said, to the Black Power symbol of a clenched fist, and is also the term for 100 lwei in the currency of Angola, underscoring its essentially commercial character. Then there is the inflation of the traditionally minor festival of Hanukkah as "Jewish Christmas," with the result that "Merry Christmas" has today been displaced by "Happy Holidays."

The highest virtue in the civic religion is to give no

Father Neuhaus is editor-in-chief of First Things.

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offense. In order not to offend, anything in public must include all the public. While there is much chatter about our being a "religiously pluralistic society," nobody seems to be attending to Muslim participation in our Happy Holidays. No doubt somebody is working on that, although with fewer than two million Muslims in the country, and half of them being black Americans who may be observing Kwanzaa and possibly Christmas as well, that market may be saturated. In our earnest pursuit of not giving offense by leaving anybody out, Hindu Christmas and Buddhist Christmas are just a matter of time. One might view Atheist Christmas as the really big challenge, but that's a dwindling market and probably not worth the bother.

The civic theology of what purports to be our newspaper of record was evident in its boosting the unholy day of Halloween, but even more evident in its treatment of Thanksgiving this year. The headline of the front-page story read, "One Holiday That Retains Its Meaning." It is a comfort to know that there still is one. The report is by Neil MacFarquhar, who, one infers from the name, knows a thing or two about multiculturalism. We are told that the great thing about Thanksgiving is that "it treats all Americans as equals." Further, Thanksgiving is a "secular yet sacred ritual," which is undoubtedly the safest kind of sacred. We are also instructed that Thanksgiving is "the one day when the perennial love of togetherness and a festive meal still seems fresh." This will come as news to many readers, and the *New York Times* is, after all, a newspaper.

Treating all Americans as equals means that, because not everybody is in the majority, minorities must be equal to the majority, if not more so. For as long as memory serves, there has been this bumper-sticker agitation to "Put Christ Back Into Christmas." Some Christians, caught up in the egalitarian frenzy, are so presumptuous as to think there should also be a Christian Christmas. Other Christians go further, complaining out loud that the entire occasion was a Christian thing to begin with. To which the ACLU retorts that it was originally a pagan feast of the birth of the Invincible Sun (*Natalis Solis Invicti*), and, if the ACLU has its way, it will be that again.

All this leaves many Christians unhappy. Whatever observance the Church took over in the fourth century, they say, there would be no Christmas today if this were not a Christian country. To say that this is a Christian country is like saying it is an English-speaking country; most people work at both but don't do either very well. In any event, the knowledge-class prelates of the civic religion have forbidden any such generalizations which might suggest that there is an American culture rather than, as we should all know by now, a gorgeous mosaic of multicultural diversity, and so forth and so on, Selah and Amen.

The public expunging of the religious particularity of those who are not privileged to be in a minority is no simple matter. If Christians are particularistic enough, they, too, can be publicly acknowledged without embarrassment. The Amish, for instance, get a free ride. Given the continuing decline of the mainline Protestant churches into the sideline, Presbyterians, Methodists, and Episcopalians may soon be exotic enough for public celebration. That will leave only evangelical Protestants and Roman Catholics as

The bells of waiting Advent ring,
  The Tortoise stove is lit again
And lamp-oil light across the night
  Has caught the streaks of winter rain
In many a stained-glass window sheen
From Crimson Lake to Hooker's
    Green.

The holly in the windy hedge
  And round the Manor House the yew
Will soon be stripped to deck the ledge,
  The altar, font and arch and pew,
So that the villagers can say
"The church looks nice" on Christmas
  Day.

Provincial public houses blaze
  And Corporation tramcars clang,
On lighted tenements I gaze
  Where paper decorations hang,
And bunting in the red Town Hall
Says "Merry Christmas to you all."

And London shops on Christmas Eve
  Are strung with silver bells and
    flowers
As hurrying clerks the City leave
  To pigeon-haunted classic towers,
And marbled clouds go scudding by
The many-steepled London sky.

And girls in slacks remember Dad,
  And oafish louts remember Mum,
And sleepless children's hearts are
    glad,
And Christmas-morning bells say
  "Come!"
Even to shining ones who dwell
Safe in the Dorchester Hotel.

And is it true? And is it true,
  This most tremendous tale of all,
Seen in a stained-glass window's hue,
  A Baby in an ox's stall?
The Maker of the stars and sea
Become a Child on earth for me?

And is it true? For if it is,
  No loving fingers tying strings
Around those tissued fripperies,
  The sweet and silly Christmas things,
Bath salts and inexpensive scent
And hideous tie so kindly meant,

No love that in a family dwells,
  No carolling in frosty air,
Nor all the steeple-shaking bells
  Can with this single Truth compare—
That God was Man in Palestine
And lives today in Bread and Wine.

—John Betjeman

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a serious threat to the multicultural creed of the Church of the Glorious Mosaic.

It is a mistake to view this process as one of secularization. As culture is derived from *cultus*, so multiculturalism requires many cults. Whatever is sacred in public rituals that are, in the words of the *Times*, "secular yet sacred" must not be permitted to refer to anything so transcendently sacred as to be capable of constituting a culture. Shards of many sacred stories may be cherished for the pleasures of diversity, but we cannot allow one story to be privileged, lest it attain hegemony and lead simple folk to think that we are, after all, participants in a culture with a definite history and even a name. The Christian West has become the culture that dare not speak its name.

As the best way to demonstrate that this is an English-speaking country is to speak English, the best way for Christians to put Christ back into Christmas is to observe Christmas Christianly.

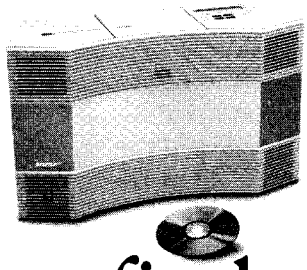
The process then, is not secularization. Nor, while marketing dynamics are important, is the process chiefly driven by commercialization. I have here the Happy Holiday catalogues from the Metropolitan Museum, the Smithsonian, the Art Institute of Chicago, and other toney retailers. There is a wondrous array of multicultural kitsch, but almost nothing on offer that is Christian. A few glitzy crosses and lots of New Ageish angels, and that's about it. I'm looking for reproductions of sculptures. There are pages and pages of items such as Tutankamun's Guardian Goddess, the Nepalese Goddess Uma, winged horses from seventeenth-century China, neo-Assyrian man-lions, and a smattering of Jewish objets d'art. In short, shards of sacred stories.

Don't get me wrong. I'm not talking conspiracy theory here, as if museum executives actually got together and thought about what to put in their Happy Holiday catalogues. But obviously, it is not a commercial decision, for there is a market of 225 million Christians out there who, despite the best efforts of their cultural betters, still think that the Happy Holidays have something to do with Christianity. And it is obviously not for lack of artistic materials. These museums have only to consult their own collections to find thousands of works of Christian art eminently suitable for reproduction and sale. No, there was a decision made in which multicultural ideology trumped commercial gain—and, one might add, artistic quality.

So what is to be done? I have nothing against those who want to "Put Christ Back Into Christmas," although I don't think the campaign will get very far with the Smithsonian, Bloomingdale's, or the hierocracy of the *New York Times*. And I'm all for resisting our robed masters of the judiciary who tell us that the separation of church and state means that a minority of one offended malcontent has veto power over what can be expressed in the public square. Nor should we think it a victory when the courts allow the Baby Jesus, so long as he is surrounded by Rudolph the Red-Nosed Reindeer, Santa Claus, and "Jingle Bells," thus making it clear that we are not religiously serious about the Baby Jesus.

As the best way to demonstrate that this is an English-speaking country is to speak English, so the best way for Christians to put Christ back into Christmas is to observe Christmas Christianly. Forget about the culture wars for a moment, and fix your attention on God Incarnate. In churches, homes, and, yes, public squares, gather to hear it again. "In those days a decree went out from Caesar Augustus . . ." This truth is the very heart of the *cultus* that gave birth to this culture. And when this culture dies, as every culture does—whether by the treason of those who had the charge of transmitting it to another generation or simply by exhaustion—this truth will go on to give birth again.

"She wrapped him in swaddling cloths and laid him in a manger, because there was no place for them in the inn." If there is no longer a place for them in the American public square, there will be other places, for all places are His. Meanwhile, it is within our power, personally and collectively, to let Happy Holidays be again the holy days that they are. For the sake of our souls more than for the sake of our culture, but for the sake of our culture, too. □



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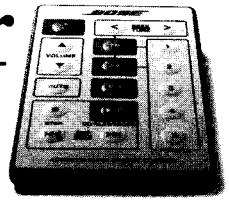

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A Christmas Carol

A Heath family Christmas-carol program always seems *like a good idea . . .*

ALOÏSE BUCKLEY HEATH

NONE of the Heath children was born on Sunday, but many of them almost were, which may account for the fact that, although bright and bonny and good and gay they are not, bonny and gay they indubitably are.

They may get A2 in handwriting and D4 in word analysis; they may get "wholeheartedly enthusiastic" in sports and "constantly inattentive" in social studies, but they are the bonniest crew —not in the whole country; that's ridiculous, I always tell people—in New England. Though, I admit it, I don't know the rest of the country very well.

It is regrettably true that they forge their father's name to undone-homework slips (remember those A's in penmanship) at 8; that they fall in love with and torture members of the opposite sex at 11; and that by the age of 12 they have discovered that you can smoke into the exhaust fan of the first-floor lavatory with absolute safety, whereas smoking out of the third-floor bathroom window means Mother calls the Fire Department. (They learn about cigarettes young because when we catch them smoking, we beat them.)

And gay my children unquestionably are. They rollick into the house from school, burst into paroxysms of laughter at the extraordinary coincidence of their reunion from various carpools, plan their far-flung wickednesses in gales of muffled giggles, are scolded with eyes twinkling above insufficiently suppressed grins, and fall asleep in the midst of a choked chuckle at eight, nine, or ten o'clock, according to whether their bedtime was at seven, eight, or nine.

And they sing. Lord, how they sing! They sing alone or in unison, in harmony, cacophony, or competition, and if two of the stubborn ones simultaneously embark on "The Surrey with the Fringe on Top" and "Silent Night," an immediate popularity contest ensues, as other children drift into the room and join in one song or the other. If the singers are equally popular, you just have to break it up. (Not by saying, "Break it up," you understand. Who's listening? What I usually do is play "The Stars and Stripes Forever" very loudly on the piano.)

With all the gaiety and caroling that goes on in our house all year round, it is only natural that we plan, early every December, a Christmas-carol program to put on tape after it is absolutely perfect, and send to the children's grandmother as an absolutely unique, unprocurable-in-stores Christmas gift.

ONE reason this always seems feasible in early December is that around then the children are infinitesimally better behaved than usual. I myself attribute this to the fact that their father and I are, not infinitesimally at all, worse. I have even discussed with Ben the potentialities of our being worse all the time, for the children's own good, but he insists he is the same at Christmastime as he is the year round, which, as I occasionally—well, maybe a little more often than occasionally—point out, is a clear admission that he is impossible all the time.

In any case, there's no question that, around Christmastime, the children are more cooperative. All of them will stand and concentrate, instead of two reading comic books and three wrestling under the piano. They all willingly sing, "*fa-la-la-la-la, la-la! la! la!*" even though most of the boys, and all of the girls under 12, say it makes them feel silly. All in all, it seems an ideal time to plan a Christmas-carol program, and I do so, in spite of a) an unbroken record of failure, and b) the boys.

Boys, as anyone with fewer resources than the director of the Vienna Boys' Choir knows, are an insuperable obstacle to group singing. I am convinced that Madame von Trapp had hers wired for sound.

In our family, 21-year-old Jim is the only dependable boy. He has a soft, melodious tenor voice, he sings *fa-la-la* without shame, and he whacks the little ones when they fidget. Seventeen-year-old John, who also has a nice voice, is, unfortunately, musically gifted, and refuses to waste his talent on mere singing. He plays the descant to the carols on his recorder, and if there is not a satisfactory descant he composes one, which is lovely, but it leaves Jim alone and lonely down there below middle C. Buckley, at 13, sings a high and piercingly sweet soprano, but he is under the impression that a listening world will believe his voice has changed if he emits all sounds an octave lower than is normal to him. And he sings that way until his ribs are so sore from his brothers' and sisters' pounding that he can barely sing at all, which, as I keep pointing out, may be good for discipline, but not for Christmas-carol programs. Timothy, who is a crotchety 8, refuses flatly to make any concessions on the part of the language as it is spoken, to the language as it is sung. "*Glo-o-o-o-o, o-o-o-o-o, o-o-o-o-o, ria*" is not for Tim. He sings, "*Glo-*," compares the marble collection in his right pocket with the marble collection in his left pocket, and rejoins the chorale unerringly on "*ria*," but neither pleading nor pummeling will

Reprinting a Christmas story by the late Aloïse Buckley Heath is an NR *tradition. The collection* Will Mrs. Major Go to Hell?, *in which this and Mrs. Heath's other Christmas stories appear, is available from National Review Books.*

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induce him to vocalize all those finky "aws."

All this is a little hard on Pam, who is 19 and who, as the conscientious and efficient head of her school Madrigal Club last year, has much higher standards than the rest of us. Our carol program this year was to be not just mother at the piano, John at the recorder, and nine children singing in unison. It was to include part-singing; solos, duets, trios, and quartets; Buckley on the drums; 10-year-old Jennifer on the triangle; and a piano duet by Betsey and Alison, who are 11 and 12 and hate each other.*

Our first difficulties I could see coming. Buckley played the drum, not with a gently medieval boom, nor even with a gay seventeenth-century rat-a-tat, but as if he were soloing during a pause in a program by the Rolling Stones, which was impressive, to be sure, but reduced the singers to utter inaudibility. Jennifer ting'd on the triangle whenever it seemed to her that she had not tung for quite long enough, and Betsey and Alison, who have never entirely grasped the purpose of a duet, exchanged sidelong black-eyed glares and raced each other through "Jingle Bells," Alison winning handily by a good two and a half measures.

Timothy and little Janet, 5, who were to solo as friendly beasts in the carol known only to the parents of small children, "The Friendly Beasts," were less than cooperative. Janet refused to sing, "*I, said the cow all white and red,*" because she said cows were ugly and she was not; besides, everyone kept smiling at her. And Tim persisted in singing, "*I, said the donkey, all shaggy and brown,*" as "*I. Said the donkey. All shaggy. And brown. I carried. His Mother. Uphill. And down.*"

AFTER the special-effects numbers the group launched into the standard Christmas carols while Pam conducted and I concentrated on the piano. I have to concentrate harder than most people on the piano because of an abnormal tendency to play everything in D major. Our repertoire was nearly finished when Pam addressed the group in a less than friendly tone. "If anybody's being funny around here, they just can just stop it right now."

There was a blank silence. Long blue eyes met wide black eyes without the glimmer of a twinkle. Pam waited a minute, then she said: "Mother, let's start over, and I'll take the piano while you come out here and listen. There's something peculiar going on. Now listen *carefully*."

I listened carefully, and it was then I decided that either my children are not quite bright enough to live, or else they are too gay to bear.

Do you know what "afforient" is? Neither did I till I heard Priscilla, who is 15 and should know better, sweetly warble that she three kings afforient were, and I asked her. "Afforient," if you are interested, is the state of being disoriented, or wandering, as one does over field and fountain, moor and mountain.

'Mother, there's something peculiar going on. Now listen carefully.'

And has anybody ever wondered where the Ranger is on Christmas Eve? Has anyone, for that matter, ever given a single thought to the Ranger on Christmas Eve? Well, Betsey Heath has. "*Away* is the Ranger," she will inform you, if you listen carefully. And obviously, he is away because there is no crib for his bed. After all, why should the Ranger stick around here, when he hasn't even got a crib much less a bed, for Pete's sake!

Janet, canny little Janet, all of whose sins are premeditated and blatant, sang exactly what she intended to sing. "*No L, no L, the angels did say.*" It was a matter of the angels' alphabet, she explained to me a little tiredly. "A B C D E F G H I J K M N O P Q R S T U V W X Y Z. No L, get it, Mother, *No L!*" I eyed her suspiciously, because more humor in the family we do not need, but I let it pass.

Jennifer settled my next problem, which had to do with the angels. Do you know how the angel of the Lord shone around? He shone around in a glowy manner, that's how. While shepherds watch'd their flock by night, she explained, the angel of the Lord came and glowy showed around. How else?

Have you ever wondered, in the long watches of the night, what Child is this Who laid to rest on Mary's lap is sleeping? Well, it is the Child Whom angels greet with Anne the Sweet, while shepherds' watches keeping. Well, St. Anne was Mary's mother, certainly sweet and probably dead, argued Alison. Why *wouldn't* she be with the angels? As for the shepherds, what with their setting off for Bethlehem, well known for its good and bad thieves, keeping their watches was a very friendly gesture on the part of the angels. Anne the Sweet probably thought of it.

Some of them were taking an individual called Good Heed to the angels' ward, many of them with the jellied toast proclaiming; though all of them sang the "Coventry Carol," 20 of whose 28 words are "Lully, lully," absolutely correctly.

If anyone is interested in the geography of Bethlehem, I can tell you categorically that it lies on the seashore, just below the town of Dul. We know it is *below* Dul because the carol states very clearly that Bethlehem is what in Dul see you *below* (sometimes written *in dulci jubilo*), and we know it is on the sea because among the deep in dreamless sleep the silent stars go by, so that had to be the stars' *reflection*, see, Mother? Because they couldn't very well *shine* among the deep, could they, Mother?

This is the kind of thing that happens when your children get B2 in Reasoning Ability and C4 in Independent Reading.

The older children, to give credit where credit is due, made their misinterpretations on a far loftier level. Leaving history and geography to their younger siblings, Pam and Jim simply revised the Christian religion.

Pam, even Pam, kept announcing in her clear, sweet contralto that God and sin are reconciled; but she realized immediately, when it was pointed out to her, that God was far more likely to reconcile Himself to sinners than to sin, even if the book hadn't said so, which it had.

Jim had to argue a little. He was the one who kept urging the shepherds to leave their "you's" and leave their "am's" and rise up, shepherds, and follow.

"What in Heaven's name is this about you's and am's?" I asked him.

(Continues on page 56)

*Above all, every word was to be as clear as a bell. Pam even taught us a little song: "Whether you whisper soft, or whether you loudly call, distinctly, distinctly speak. Or do not speak at all." Whose melody we assimilated rather more quickly than its meaning.

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THE END IS NEAR

Apocalypse Soon

As the millennium approaches, people the world over prepare— for what?

PAULA FREDRIKSEN

WHAT is it about apocalyptic belief? Predictions of the imminent end of the world seem paradoxically long-lived. This is particularly so within Western culture, entwined as it is with Christianity. Christianity enters the public stage with the declaration that history is about to end. "The time is fulfilled," proclaims Mark's Jesus. "The Kingdom of God is at hand!" (Mark 1:15).

The nearness of the Kingdom and the cosmic transformation thus entailed stand as core convictions from Paul's letters, the earliest stratum of New Testament evidence, to the closing lines of the Book of Revelation. This specifically Christian variation of the perduring Jewish myth links the coming of God's Kingdom to the dazzling, glorious *second* coming of Christ. Ascended bodily at his Resurrection, Christ will return soon, Paul assures the Thessalonians mid-century, "with a cry of command, with the archangel's call and the sound of the trumpet of God" (1 Thes. 4:16). What then? The dead are raised, the living transformed, and the victorious Christ turns the Kingdom over to God the Father (1 Cor. 15).

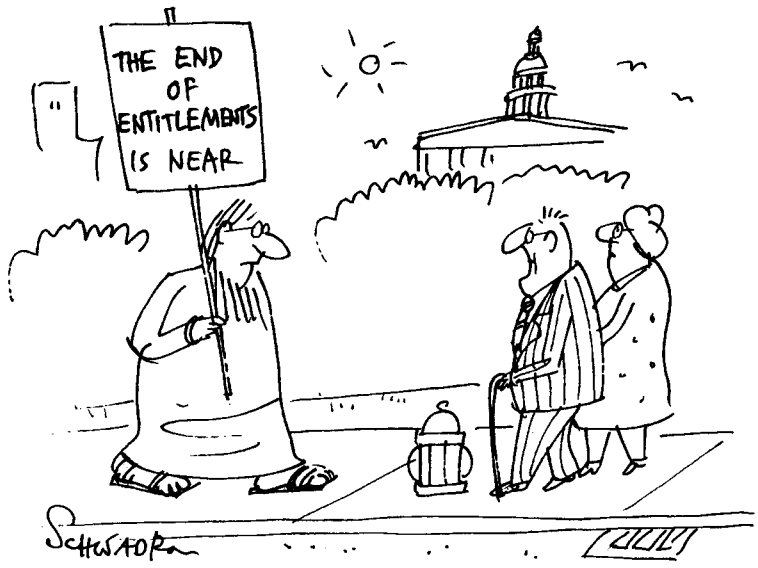
The passage of time disconfirmed these prophecies but never discredited them. Indeed, the history of Christianity in the second through fifth centuries is a record of adjustment, reinterpretation, and disappointment. Predictions of the Endtime, couched in the language of Biblical prophecy, could be stimulated by any number of circumstances: terrestrial disturbances or celestial ones (flood or earthquake; eclipse or shooting stars), social disruption (persecution, plague, war), renewed prophecies.

The results could be equally disruptive. One bishop, convinced of the nearness of the End, led his entire congregation out to the desert, where the Roman army nearly cut them down as bandits; another bishop, likewise convinced, exhorted his community to prepare by penance, fasting, and prayer, to the detriment of their crops. The end was their financial ruin.

Learned churchmen worked out a scientific response to episodic millennial panic: they calculated the age of the world. Christ would not return, they argued, until the fulfillment of the millennial week, six "days" of 1,000 years each. What looked comfortably distant from the perspective of the second century, when these calendars were devised, looked awfully close a few hundred years later, when the forecast sixth millennium fell due. Unfortunately for Augustine, this calculation landed his lifetime in an apocalyptic hot zone—roughly between A.D. 400 and 500. He countered by urging that, with the foundation of the Church, the 1,000-year reign of the saints had already begun, and that in any case "1,000" was a symbolic number, not an empirical count.

Which brings us, more or less, to our own looming millennial year 2000. One need not strain to whiff the scent of burgeoning apocalyptic enthusiasms. Flying-saucer cultists, para-military survivalists, prophets of eco-death, Nostradamean sages: it all swirls by, in the newspapers, on the Internet. Can knowledge of the past, analysis of the spiking of history's millennial fevers, help us see more clearly into the future?

Professors Richard Landes and Stephen O'Leary hope so. Together they have established an interdisciplinary Center for Millennial Studies dedicated both to understanding past movements and to monitoring and collecting data on current ones. Landes, who works on medieval history at Boston University, has studied the historical record of events around the year 1000 in southern France, which made him aware of similar patterns in other epochs. One of the difficulties in assessing these patterns is the inevitably retrospective quality of the records. Documentation about these movements emerges only once the prophecy itself has failed—a moment Landes labels the *downstroke* of a millennial movement. The historian's task is to catch the muffled echo of the hope,



Prof. Fredriksen teaches religion at Boston University.

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enthusiasm, and transformative energy motivating these movements in their *upstroke* stage. The place to look is less the written records than the new social realities formed in the wake of the failed apocalypse.

There's good news and bad news. In his recent study of Europe at the turn of the first millennium, *Relics, Apocalypse, and the Deceits of History*, Landes teases from a refractory record a pattern of intense and interactive social expressions of upstroke and downstroke millenarianism. The good news was regional efforts at civility and social decency, what contemporaries named the Peace or Truce of God. The bad news was holy war, first against European Jews and heretics; then, eventually, against Muslim Jerusalem.

At work now on a study of the full sweep of Western Christian culture to the year 2000, Landes sees a persistent pattern of energetic activity and extreme oscillation between peace and violence. The pace quickens, the range of society affected broadens, whenever these moments of millennial fervor coincide with a revolution in communications technology. In antiquity, Christianity profited from the shift from scroll to codex. In the sixteenth century, the printing press turned what might have been yet one more wave of medieval heresies into the Protestant Revolution. And now we have the Internet.

Boston's Center for Millennial Studies has a home in cyberspace. Its Web site (www.mille.org) indexes an ever-growing list of dozens of others, from Christian fundamentalist groups to Hindus calculating the end of the age of Kali (evidently due in 2003). The Web is both storage house and melting pot, facilitating a wild cross-fertilization of apocalyptic ideas.

"It's a global Hyde Park," observes Stephen O'Leary, who teaches at the Annenberg School for Communication at USC. O'Leary's first book, *Arguing the Apocalypse*, traced the history of the Millerite movement in early-nineteenth-century America. For long years Miller had been predicting an apocalyptic climax, but then, in 1840—after reinterpreting prophecies in the book of Daniel, and recasting Bishop Usher's chronology of the world—Miller named a precise date in 1843 as the expected time of the End. O'Leary noticed that suddenly membership in Miller's group surged, both in numbers and in the social prominence of its enthusiasts. However, when the prophecy failed (the date remains in Millerite history as "The Great Disappointment") the group transmuted successfully into the Seventh-Day Adventists. What struck O'Leary, though, was the effect of Miller's actually *naming* a date. It concentrated and even raised apocalyptic expectation, and prompted fence-sitters to commit. Miller's prediction made the period between 1840 and 1843 an apocalyptic hot zone. "With the year 2000," O'Leary said, "we're in one too. The millenarian Zeitgeist will really heat up."

The printing press turned what might have been yet one more wave of medieval heresies into the Protestant Revolution. And now we have the Internet.

O'Leary monitors the Internet, attends millenarian rallies, and listens to preachers' apocalyptic rants. He has a sense of what's coming. Some of it is funny or silly; some is sobering and downright scary. What's up?

—*The Internet.* It's an electronic echo-chamber for conspiracy theories (witness Pierre Salinger's recent embarrassment repeating net-spawned TWA 800 rumors). O'Leary notes, "People whose sense of history comes from Oliver Stone or *The X Files* can get very apocalyptically stimulated by a ripe, paranoid conspiracy theory." If the Sixties motto was "The Revolution will not be televised," the Nineties motto is, "The Apocalypse will start on the Net."

—*An increase in catastrophism.* Militias, survivalists, paramilitary confraternities: all these groups will increase in an effort to forge a protective community ranged against whatever forces of darkness—the government? foreigners? blacks?—they fear.

—*Globalism.* In its secular, environmentalist mode, such movements will call for world government, global unity, international peace. Fundamentalists will perceive this call as a move by the Antichrist to establish his Babylon One World Government.

—*Enthusiastic spiritual experimentation.* O'Leary places in this category UFO cultists, charismatic religious leaders, miracle workers, and those receiving visitations from space invaders. How widespread, how serious, are these enthusiasts? Ted Daniels, who monitors such folk in his *Millennial Prophecy Report*, tells me that a company in London now offers insurance against inadvertent intergalactic pregnancy if one is a) abducted and sexually molested by an alien space invader and b) thereby impregnated.

—*More millennial violence.* David Koresh's apocalyptic dream in Waco. The Tokyo gas attacks ordered by Asahara, empowered by a heady mix of Buddhism and Nostradamus. Suicide bombers nourished on the apocalyptic rhetoric of radical Islam. Such violence might either anticipate the End or strive to hasten it. And the more that governments try to monitor the activities of such groups, the more resentful, paranoid, and violent they will become.

—*Jews are news.* Paul in his letter to the Romans predicted that as a result of his mission Christ would soon return and, therefore, God would permit Israel, too, to receive the gospel. Eventually, the Jews' final conversion to the gospel or, failing that, their destruction, emerged in apocalyptic myth as the ultimate vindication of Christianity.

At a recent fundamentalist millenarian workshop, O'Leary took notes on the sermon of a "Christian Zionist" preacher. This man supported Jewish *aliyah* (immigration) to Israel because he understood God's plan. The Romans killed one million Jews in Jerusalem when they destroyed the Temple, he said, because Israel "did not know the time of her visitation" (i.e., convert to Christianity). In the 1940s, Hitler killed one-third of world Jewry. Now, if only enough Jews move to Israel, fully two-thirds will be killed at the battle of Armageddon. But for those who survive, there will be a happy ending: the churchman promised that the remnant of Israel will be saved, finally, by converting to Christ.

"I live in Southern California, and California is always culturally a hot zone," mused O'Leary. "But in the year 2000, Israel in general, and Jerusalem in particular, will really be *the* apocalyptic hot zone."

It's enough to make the alien space invaders look good. □

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Classified Disaster

The Bay of Pigs operation was doomed by presidential indecisiveness and lack of commitment.

JACK HAWKINS

THIRTY-FIVE years ago, 1,500 exiled Cuban patriots landed on the south coast of their country, at the Bay of Pigs, in a gallant effort to free Cuba from Communist rule. They were abandoned on the beach without the supplies, protection, and support that had been promised by their sponsor, the Government of the United States. They had no chance of succeeding in their mission, and nearly all of them were captured or killed.

For 35 years, bound by my oath not to reveal classified information, I kept silent about the fatal errors in judgment that led to this disaster. Now this information is no longer classified, and I believe the facts should be reported.

My involvement with the Cuba Project began during the Eisenhower Administration. In late August of 1960, the Commandant of the Marine Corps, General David Shoup, told me that the CIA had requested the services of a Marine officer to assist in the landing of a small force of Cuban exiles. I had the required experience in amphibious operations, and also in guerrilla warfare (Philippines, 1943), and so he was assigning me to the job. I reported to the CIA on September 1.

At the CIA, I was assigned duty as Chief of the Paramilitary Staff of the Cuba Project, responsible directly to the Chief of the Cuba Project, Mr. Jacob Esterline.

I soon learned that the Cuba Project had been initiated by President Eisenhower in January 1960, when it had become clear that Castro was a Communist bent not only on establishing a Communist state in Cuba but also on subverting other Latin American countries. President Eisenhower decided that Castro should be overthrown and directed the CIA to prepare plans to that end.

The concept of the operation, developed by the CIA before my arrival, involved training paramilitary teams of Cuban exiles to be introduced secretly back into their country for purposes of intelligence, sabotage, propaganda, and political and guerrilla activity. Each team would have a radio capable of communicating with the United States. It was planned also to form a small infantry force of 200 to 300 men that could be sent in to augment guerrilla activity fostered by the teams.

The project was flawed from the outset owing to diplomatic/political considerations. The safest and most efficient venues for both training camps and bases of operations would have been in the United States or Puerto Rico. However, the CIA was anxious not to have the operation appear to be run by the United States, and so training camps and airfields were established in Guatemala and Nicaragua, at extremely unsuitable locations. The training camp in Guatemala was located on the side of a remote volcano with very little level ground. Conditions there were extremely crowded and became health-threatening as additional recruits arrived. And from the airfield in Nicaragua chosen for tactical air operations, Cuba was just barely within range of the B-26 bombers procured by the CIA for the exile air force.

If the Cuban forces had been trained here, they could have been ready for action months earlier than they were, an important consideration. While the preparations continued, the Soviet Union was pouring great quantities of arms and other matériel into Cuba, enabling Castro to organize and equip large militia forces and consolidate his security system for control of the Cuban people. In view of these rapidly growing capabilities, the Deputy Director for Plans at the CIA, Mr. Richard Bissell, decided that the planned infantry force of 200 to 300 would not be large enough; more like 1,500 men would be needed to establish a serious presence in Cuba. I expressed reservations about a force this large in view of the increased difficulties in recruiting, training, and providing support. However, President Eisenhower directed that preparations be made for a larger force.

In late 1960 and early 1961, teams of paramilitary agents were landed in many places on the Cuban coast. Most of the teams established radio communication with the CIA, but some were captured immediately and never heard from again. The surviving teams reported that there were large numbers of men in all provinces of Cuba who were willing to fight against Castro if they were armed. The CIA tried to supply arms and ammunition to some of the teams by nocturnal parachute drops, but without success. The Cuban pilots were not experienced enough for these difficult missions, and our request for permission to use American contract pilots was denied, again so that the U.S. would not appear to be too deeply involved. The only sizable delivery of arms through the efforts of the agent teams was made by sea to a 400-man guerrilla unit operating in the Escambray mountains of central Cuba. About 1,000 guerrillas operated in this area in separate groups for many months.

Soon after President Kennedy's inauguration, Mr. Bissell briefed him about the Cuba Project. The new President was interested and scheduled a series of meetings at the White House involving the Secretary of State, Mr. Dean Rusk; the Secretary of Defense, Mr. Robert McNamara; the Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, Gen. Lyman Lemnitzer; and Mr. Bissell. Each of these officials brought assistants to these meetings, and I usually accompanied Mr. Bissell.

President Eisenhower decided that Castro should be overthrown and directed the CIA to prepare plans to that end.

President Kennedy emphasized that operations would have to be conducted in such a way that U.S. involvement could be "plausibly deniable." This was

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the fundamental mistake underlying the other fatal errors that led to the failure of the operation. It should have been apparent to all concerned that the recruiting of large numbers of Cubans in Miami, followed by the landing of a well-armed Cuban exile force in Cuba with air support, would be attributed to the United States. If that was held to be unacceptable, the operation should have been canceled; if it was not canceled, it should have received the support required for success. As it was, the Administration neither escaped blame nor succeeded in liberating Cuba.

THE crucial point at issue was air support. Throughout my participation in the Cuba Project, I frequently emphasized, both orally and in formal correspondence, the absolute necessity for complete destruction of the opposing air force at the outset of the operation. In January 1961, in a memorandum to higher CIA authority, I recommended that the landing operation be canceled if sufficient air operations were not to be allowed. In another memorandum in early 1961, I stated flatly that if Castro's aircraft were not all destroyed before the troop transports arrived at the landing beaches, a military disaster would occur. An unarmed freighter cannot approach a hostile shore, drop anchor, and unload troops, supplies, and equipment while under fighter and bomber attack. Mr. Rusk did not seem to grasp this point. At the White House meetings, it became clear that he was unalterably opposed to any air operations whatsoever. To my surprise and chagrin, neither Mr. McNamara nor Gen. Lemnitzer spoke up in these meetings in defense of the necessity of eliminating Castro's air force completely by preliminary air strikes. And so, when the recommendations of the State Department conflicted with those of the CIA, the President usually adopted Mr. Rusk's position.

Absolute control of the air was essential not only for the landing but also for further operations in Cuba. Our Cuban Brigade was small and could not be expected to undertake operations beyond its initial lodgement unless the strength of the opposing militia was seriously reduced by combat losses—or by defection to our side. Many of the militia were of dubious loyalty to Castro and might well have turned against him had this operation been properly launched.

As the spring of 1961 approached, the Brigade, now up to planned strength, and its supporting tactical air force of 16 B-26s were nearing readiness for combat. Commercial freighters were chartered for the operation, four for the assault phase and three for follow-on delivery of supplies. Meanwhile, the time element was becoming critical. The Soviet Union continued delivering arms and equipment to Cuba and was training jet pilots for Castro in Eastern Europe. Soon Castro would have a modern jet air force, and a paramilitary effort to overthrow him would have no chance of success.

After long study, the Paramilitary Staff had concluded that by far the best place, and probably the only place, where a successful landing (i.e., one likely to lead to the overthrow of Castro) could be made was at Trinidad near the middle of the southern coast of Cuba. Good landing beaches were available very near the Escambray mountains, where, as noted above, anti-Castro guerrillas were already operating. The Brigade could quickly establish itself in these mountains and incorporate the guerrillas already there.

Trinidad itself had a population of about 18,000, offering the possibility of recruiting additional volunteers. Our agent teams had informed us that most of the people in the area were opposed to Castro.

The Paramilitary Staff prepared a complete plan for the Trinidad operation, which was presented to the President and his advisors. Mr. Rusk strongly opposed the plan, saying that it was too much like an invasion and too easily attributable to the United States. He thought the Soviet Union might be provoked to the extent of taking action against the United States in Berlin or elsewhere in the world.

Once again, the President agreed with Mr. Rusk. He rejected the Trinidad plan and directed that a plan be developed that would be less noisy and less like an invasion. He also adopted the restriction advanced by Mr. Rusk that an airfield capable of supporting B-26 operations would have to be captured on the first day so that all air operations could be attributed to that field.

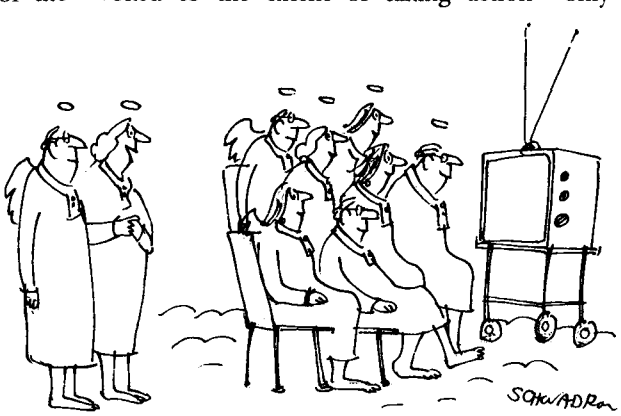
This was the first fatal error made by President Kennedy: rejecting a plan that offered a good chance of success and placing "plausible deniability" ahead of military viability.

Pursuant to Mr. Bissell's oral instructions to me, the Paramilitary Staff studied the entire coast of Cuba in an effort to find a landing area that would satisfy the President's requirements. We found that the only place on the Cuban coast which did so and could be held even for a minimal time was at the Bahia de Cochinos (Bay of Pigs).

I reported this orally to Mr. Bissell and briefly described the area. Behind the beach lay a long narrow strip of flat, scrub-covered land from three to six miles in depth and forty miles wide. This land was cut off from the interior by a great swamp, impassable except for three narrow causeways approaching the beach from the north and a coastal road from the east, all of which could probably be blocked for a time by the Brigade (and on the other side of the swamp by Castro's militia).

I pointed out to Mr. Bissell that the Brigade could hold on there for only a limited time and would have no hope of breaking out through the swamp and reaching guerrilla country in the Escambray mountains eighty miles away. However, since the Bay of Pigs was the only place that met the President's requirements, Mr. Bissell decided on the spot that we would have to go ahead on that basis. This was another fatal error, as Mr. Bissell later acknowledged, lamenting that he had never informed the President that landing at the Bay of Pigs ruled out the possibility of guerrilla warfare in the Escambray mountains.

Our plan for the Bay of Pigs landing provided for an attack on three Cuban military airfields by 16 B-26 bombers on April 15, the landing itself during darkness in the early morning of April 17, and



"It's a Wonderful Life *must be on again.*"

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a second 16-bomber attack against the military airfields at first light on April 17. The President approved the plan and directed that all preparations continue. However, he also stated that he would not finally decide whether to execute the operation until 24 hours before it was scheduled to begin.

Not long after this, the Chief of the Cuba Project, Mr. Esterline, and I had a serious talk about the outlook for the Bay of Pigs operation and found ourselves in complete agreement that it was certain to fail. We went to Mr. Bissell at his home on a Sunday to attempt to dissuade him from continuing with the operation. We even went so far as to say that we did not want to be parties to the disaster we believed lay ahead.

The Bay of Pigs fiasco caused the U.S. Government to be perceived as weak, irresolute, and inept.

Mr. Bissell tried to reassure us and implored us not to let him down. He said he thought he could persuade the President to permit an increase in our air capability to ensure destruction of Castro's air force. But he gave no assurance about other weaknesses of the plan.

I thought that after hearing unequivocal predictions of complete disaster from his two principal staff officers who were most familiar with the military aspects of the plan, Mr. Bissell would re-examine the whole operation. It had become obvious that the military requirements for a successful operation and the President's insistence on plausible deniability were in irreconcilable conflict. However, Mr. Bissell could not bring himself to give up on the plan. This was another fatal error.

On April 14, devastating instructions came from the White House. The President informed Mr. Bissell that he wanted the number of participating aircraft reduced to the minimum. Mr. Bissell, without consulting Mr. Esterline or me, volunteered to cut the number by half, from 16 to 8—although 16 was considered the minimal number for destroying 18 opposing aircraft scattered on three different fields. The President accepted Mr. Bissell's offer. Military failure was now virtually assured.

The attack was carried out the next morning with only eight B-26s, and our fears were confirmed when post-strike photography revealed that half of Castro's military aircraft, including five fighters, had escaped destruction. These posed a deadly threat to the landing and to our B-26s as well.

News of the attack spread rapidly. At the United Nations, Ambassador Adlai Stevenson, a leading figure in the Democratic Party, who had not been informed about the operation, denied U.S. involvement. When he learned the truth, he was outraged and protested to the President that this affair was extremely embarrassing both to the President and to him. He was reinforced in that position by Mr. Rusk.

This led the President to make another decision, which made disaster absolutely certain. I was in the CIA operations room at about 10 P.M. on April 16, three hours before the troops were to commence landing, when Mr. Esterline hurried in with an ashen face and told me that the President had canceled the second attack on Castro's air force, the one scheduled for first light the next morning. Appalled, I rushed to the telephone and called Mr. Bissell, who was at the State Department, and urged him in the strongest terms to call the President and explain that the invasion force faced certain destruction unless the order was reversed. I predicted that our troop transports would be under air attack and some or all would be sunk.

After my plea, Mr. Bissell and General C. P. Cabell, the Deputy Director of the CIA, spoke to Mr. Rusk. He telephoned the President, who had left Washington, and told him that the CIA wanted to reinstate the air strike but that he believed the decision should not be changed. McGeorge Bundy, the National Security Advisor, seconded Mr. Rusk's advice. The cancellation remained in effect.

This final incredible mistake doomed Brigade 2506. The President himself had initially approved the original operation plan, which provided for forty B-26 sorties in preliminary air strikes. After his last-minute cuts, only eight sorties were flown, a reduction of 80 per cent.

While Washington floundered, the troops of Brigade 2506 landed successfully in darkness. But when morning came, Castro's fighters and bombers attacked, and they continued to attack all day. Unloading supplies from the ships was impossible. Two ships were sunk, and the remaining two had to flee at top speed.

The Brigade fought hard and well for three days and was not overrun or driven from its position. With their supply ships either sunk or chased away, the troops eventually ran out of ammunition and had to surrender.

During three days of combat, from 3,000 to 4,000 casualties were inflicted upon Castro's hard-core militia, mostly by B-26 attacks on troop convoys. The hard-core militia, the only troops trusted by Castro, were limited in number and could not long have endured casualties of such magnitude.

Before the surrender, Admiral Arleigh "31-knot" Burke, the Chief of Naval Operations, requested permission from the President to have carrier aircraft eliminate the rest of Castro's air force and fly cover and support for the Brigade, and to use Navy landing craft to evacuate the troops from the beach. The President refused.

It was noteworthy that when the Brigade landed, the defending militia unit fought little and surrendered quickly. About 150 men were captured, and nearly all volunteered to join the Brigade and fight against Castro. Civilians in the landing area also volunteered to help the Brigade.

THESE facts confirmed that our concept of the operation had merit, and that, if the landing had been made at Trinidad as recommended, and with adequate air support, the objective of overthrowing the Communist government might well have been accomplished.

But, as things turned out, Brigade 2506 was left stranded on the beach, shamefully misled and betrayed by the Government of the United States. The last message from José "Pepe" San Román, the Brigade Commander, was, "How can you people do this to us?"

Less than four months into the Kennedy Administration, the Bay of Pigs fiasco caused the U.S. Government to be perceived as weak, irresolute, and inept. Undoubtedly, Chairman Khrushchev was reassured that he had little to fear from the United States as he pressed on with his plans to turn Cuba into a Soviet armed camp.

If those plans had been aborted at the outset, there would have been no missile crisis bringing us to the brink of nuclear war, and Cuba would be a free and prosperous country today. □

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Trading Troubles

The Clinton Administration squanders the U.S. economic leverage which might open global markets.

HENRY R. NAU

AT the beginning of his first term, President Clinton pledged that the United States would compete in world markets, not retreat from them. At the beginning of his second term, America is doing both. It is competing in world markets better than it has for the past three decades, but it is also retreating from its traditional leadership on free markets in global trade negotiations.

The first ministerial meeting of the new World Trade Organization (WTO) ended in Singapore with a whimper. Despite an accord to reduce tariffs on information technology, the meeting was "uneventful." A major reason: the lack of U.S. enthusiasm and the lack of fast-track authority to negotiate trade deals.

Clinton's national-security policy is largely to blame. He came into office touting a new geo-economic strategy that defined threats to the national interest largely in economic terms. The strategy lamented America's vulnerability, targeted former allies in Europe and Asia as America's new adversaries, and completely omitted any traditional strategic rationale to guide America's security policies in places such as Haiti, Somalia, Bosnia, Iraq, the Taiwan Straits, and the Korean peninsula. The result was to encourage growing protectionism in the United States, ignite politically costly trade disputes with allies, and forfeit the principal rationale for freer trade, namely to strengthen the free world's ability to foster political and economic liberalization in Central and Eastern Europe, Russia, China, and the developing world.

The geo-economic strategy is fundamentally flawed. It pursues markets where common security interests are weakest; it squanders the leverage to open markets that security considerations provide; and it underestimates America's economic capacity to lead.

In Europe, where common security interests are strongest, the Clinton Administration proposed NATO expansion but no trade or economic initiatives. European, not American, officials had to revive trade talks. They launched the initiative calling for a new Transatlantic Marketplace signed in Madrid in 1995.

Meanwhile, in Asia, where common security interests are weakest, Clinton pressed a vigorous trade agenda—the New Framework with Japan and Asia-Pacific Economic Cooperation—but deliberately downplayed security ties. Eventually, the rape of a Japanese schoolgirl by American servicemen, persisting nuclear threats from North Korea, and Chinese missile firings in the Taiwan Straits brought U.S. officials to their senses. On his trip to Asia in April 1996 Clinton made only two stops—Tokyo and Seoul—and worked to shore up neglected security relations.

Markets presuppose common security interests. Companies trade and invest across national boundaries only when they have confidence in the currency, contracts, and courts of a foreign government. U.S. trade with China is held up today, not by ideological or human-rights concerns on the part of Americans, but by opaque economic policies, arbitrary legal and administrative decisions, and inadequate protection for property and people in China.

Asia's markets are fragile. Dynamos can fall, no less than dominoes. Asian markets are held together politically by little more than personal ties among offshore Chinese families and the naval presence of the U.S. Seventh Fleet. Compared to Western Europe, the region is riven by cultural cleavages, escalating military rivalries, and unreconciled political differences, particularly related to Japan's wartime responsibilities. Past dynamism was largely underwritten by the anti-Soviet Cold War alliance between China and the United States. That alliance is now history. Unless the United States pays more attention to its security interests in the region and particularly to its only significant security partner, Japan, future markets in Asia will not grow, whatever the specific economic prospects.

Clinton's second-term policies need to reconnect U.S. trade and security interests. Stable democracy and the peaceful relations among democracies that follow from it are within reach in the next decade in Central and Eastern Europe (and perhaps in the longer term in Russia). What stands in the way is the lack of markets for the products of these countries and the geo-economic protectionism of the European Union and the United States. Meanwhile, in Asia, stable democracy is a distant star. It twinkles and grows brighter in Japan, and now also South Korea and Taiwan, but it is likely to shine forth in China only with a lot more time and a much more transparent firmament of security and political relations.

Reconnecting trade and security interests is not a question of downplaying the big emerging markets of Asia or minimizing the challenge of expanding security ties in Europe. It's a question of making sure that markets in Asia have the security they need to flourish and that security in Europe pays off in economic growth.

Reconnecting security and trade issues will strengthen, not weaken, America's trade leverage. Clinton and his trade officials bought the geo-economic mythology that America paid an economic price during the Cold War to gain the security cooperation of its allies. They believed that if security ties were de-emphasized, they could demand more from the allies in trade.

Clinton's second-term policies need to reconnect U.S. trade and security interests.

This logic completely misconstrues the relationship between trade and security issues. How does it help the United States to open Japan's automobile markets by telling Japan, as U.S. trade officials did in 1995, that the United States may need to reconsider its security ties

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with that country? Since when do countries trade more with one another as they become less friendly toward one another? Countries do not trade for economic gain alone. They also ask how their partners will use their own economic gains for political and security purposes. If Japan fears that the United States is no longer pursuing common security interests, it will open its markets less, not more, to U.S. products. By decoupling trade from security issues, the United States actually weakened its trade leverage.

But can the United State lead in both trade and security issues? Geo-economic logic says no. Clinton came into office trashing the American economic revival of the 1980s. He stressed the vulnerability of American workers and the need for a stronger government role in promoting sales by American multinationals abroad. Good politics, perhaps, but terrible economic diagnosis. The disinflationary and deregulatory policies of the 1980s propelled America into the information age, at least a decade ahead of Europe and Japan. Labor has moved into the information sector, just as a century ago labor moved from agriculture to manufacturing. America leads today in almost all service sectors—finance, software, retailing, airlines, telecommunications. Its manufacturing sector is leaner and more competitive. And it uses capital far more efficiently than Europe or Japan.

Clinton has built on this legacy with, thanks to Republican pressure, an opportunistic commitment to more efficient government. Now that he doesn't need to be re-elected, he should jettison the class-warfare rhetoric, work with internationalist-minded members of Congress, whose numbers are diminished on both sides of the aisle, and secure the authority to fashion an integrated post–Cold War trade and security strategy. His new Secretary of State, Madeleine Albright, has the background to formulate such a strategy. But she will have to overcome the besieged geo-economic school at the U.S. Trade Representative's Office and the National Economic Council. No one is asking U.S. trade officials to negotiate any less vigorously for America's export interests. Critics are asking only that these officials target and link narrowly focused bilateral and regional negotiations to global goals that can eventually increase overall markets, not just market share.

Compete, don't retreat—those are brave words, like much of Clinton's foreign policy. But competing just for jobs and export share against America's allies *is* retreating—retreating from a world of ex-Communist and developing states that need markets to develop democratically, and retreating back to the world of economic nationalism that ultimately destroyed security relations among allies between World Wars I and II. □

The Open Question

RICHARD BROOKHISER

IS Thomas Jefferson finally getting his comeuppance? Forrest McDonald, reviewing Conor Cruise O'Brien's *The Long Affair* [*NR*, Nov. 25], seems to think so. The third President was a fellow-traveler of the French Revolution, and a racist. Besides, there is the story of Sally Hemings—only alluded to by McDonald, but recounted by O'Brien. After Merchant and Ivory's *Jefferson in Paris*, Jefferson and his putative slave mistress have become the most famous interracial couple in America, next to O.J. and Nicole. The rural vote in the election of 1800 is finally coming in.

Are the winners overplaying their hand? First, some context. The 1790s have been called the Age of Passion—an era of intense political struggle, exacerbated in America by the imported passions of revolutionary Europe. Jefferson wasn't the only American who caught the bug. Alexander Hamilton was not above using the language of religion to castigate enemies. "You ought to spurn from you," he wrote in 1795, ". . . the fatal heresy of a CLOSE ALLIANCE with France." Other Federalists were far more extreme. Federalist clerics preached the Masonic conspiracy theories that decorate the thought of Pat Robertson today. Some Federalist politicians schemed to postpone the election of 1800 or throw it to Aaron Burr; when that failed, they plotted secession.

Jefferson's bloodthirsty passions operated at long distance. The comment on Shays's Rebellion, which later appeared on Timothy McVeigh's T-shirt, was written when Jefferson was serving as minister to France. Almost all of his raptures about the French Revolution appeared after he had returned to America in 1789. They cooled when the Revolution followed him here in the person of Edmond-Charles Genêt, the bumptious French diplomat who barnstormed the United States in 1793. Though Jefferson welcomed Genêt at first, he soon saw that the Frenchman was making himself obnoxious, and that his unpopularity would taint his American supporters. Jefferson might daydream about violence thousands of miles away, but when it appeared on his doorstep it usually made him uncomfortable.

For Jefferson was a politician—and a cunning one. He won the dicey election of 1800—the first time the White House passed from one party to another—by cutting a deal with the moderates among his opponents. (Hamilton suggested the formula: keep the Navy and the national bank, and lo, after Jefferson's inauguration, they were kept.) Jefferson did not set up a guillotine, or blow up buildings. He employed means we can call time-honored, because he and most of the other Founders honored them even in their struggles with one another.

Dilettante, dreamer, fanatic, crackpot, bon vivant, pol—Jefferson at age 33 took the main role in writing our fundamental law.

So should Jefferson be moved from Mount Rushmore and the company of George Washington, to a Mount Rushmore of Hacks, with Al D'Amato? What stands in the way of this demotion is his authorship of the Declaration. McDonald and O'Brien propose that Americans see the Declaration as a corporate document. Such a view would be substantial-

(Continues on page 56)

Mr. Brookhiser, a senior editor at NR, *is the author of* Founding Father: Rediscovering George Washington.

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THE VICE PRESIDENT
WASHINGTON

NATIONAL SECURITY AGENCY—DOCUMENT EXTRACT Telephone Transcript 12/16/96

BEGIN TRANSCRIPT 09:33 Static.

VICE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES: Rusty? Rusty? I'm not sure if the satellite link is working. I can't hear you. Static.

VPOTUS: So let me just say, Merry Christmas. And did you get the fruitcake? Static.

VPOTUS: Well, just in case you didn't, we'll send another down to Brazil. OK? Static.

VPOTUS: Okay! Click. Line dead. 09:44

PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES: Hey, Al, Got a sec?

VPOTUS: Sure, Bill. What's up?

POTUS: Well, this is a delicate matter. You see, Jim Carville is hitting Ken Starr pretty hard, and—

VPOTUS: Bill, I understand completely.

POTUS: You do?

VPOTUS: Sure. You want to come out publicly and say, "Hey! Jim's right! Ken Starr is a partisan attack dog!" And may I say, Bill, right on!

POTUS: Actually, Al, I want to do the opposite.

VPOTUS: You want to come out publicly and say, "Hey! Jim's wrong! Ken Starr is a fair-minded investigator who's about to indict my wife?"

POTUS: Something between the two.

VPOTUS: Okay.

POTUS: See, if we keep—I mean, if Jim keeps—hitting Ken Starr like we are—I mean, like he is—well, it's starting to backfire. The press is against us—I mean, against him—and it just looks like Hillary and I are scared.

VPOTUS: And you're not, right?

POTUS: No, we are. Very. So why keep picking on this guy and making him mad? Let him take the McDougals and Hale and Kendall and Hillary's secretary and Marceca and Livingstone and whoever else. Let him take 'em all. That's business. There's no need to make it personal, you know?

VPOTUS: I guess I see your point. But, darn it, I think Ken Starr is on a partisan witch hunt.

POTUS: Well, Al, I agree with you. But it's not your witch he's after. Click. Line dead. 11:23

VPOTUS: Hi, Jim.

UNIDENTIFIED SOUTHERN MALE: Yeah, hey, Mr. Vice President. How'ya doin' up there?

VPOTUS: I'm okay, Jim. How are you?

UNSOMA: Okay, I guess.

VPOTUS: How's Mary? And the baby?

UNSOMA: Yeah, okay.

VPOTUS: As I know you know, the President can't publicly support what you've been saying, but between you and me, you're doing a terrific job.

UNSOMA: Yeah okay, but I'm knockin' my head against the wall here like a rat in a coffee can, you know? I'm marching up and down the street all alone out here like it was Gay Pride Day in Salt Lake City, you know?

VPOTUS: I'm not following you, Jim.

UNSOMA: Thas jes' what I mean, sir. Not a one is followin' me. I'm out here by lonesome Jim's self.

VPOTUS: Well, to be honest, Jim, the crusade—while well meant and absolutely one hundred per cent justified—well, it's backfiring a little.

UNSOMA: Backfiring?

VPOTUS: Yeah. So we thought, Hey, maybe old Jim has done his bit, let's just all back off some so that the thing doesn't blow up in our faces. You know, if we keep hitting Starr and keep hitting Starr and then he indicts, oh, just for the sake of argument, you-know-who—

UNSOMA: Who?

VPOTUS: Think, Jim.

UNSOMA: I am thinking.

VPOTUS: Think harder. Think perjury. Think obstruction of justice.

UNSOMA: The President?

VPOTUS: Well, I meant Hillary, but I see your point. Look, we all appreciate your efforts, but to continue would only hurt the President. And as much as I'd like to be President myself, I'd rather win it fair and square, not by waving goodbye on the White House lawn while Marine One choppers out. That would just get really weird. I mean, Chelsea would probably have to stay with us while she finished school, and Tipper just hates what they've done to the Blue Room, and—

UNSOMA: So you want me to quit?

VPOTUS: Yeah, Jim.

UNSOMA: Jes' pack it in?

VPOTUS: Please. For Bill.

UNSOMA: Well, okay. But I'm not giving the money back.

VPOTUS: What money?

UNSOMA: Last week we got a check for $25,000 to keep up the heat on Ken Starr.

VPOTUS: Who from?

UNSOMA: Someone named Tipper Gore.

VPOTUS: (coughing)

UNSOMA: Say thanks to her for me.

VPOTUS: (coughing)

UNSOMA: Toodles. Click. Line dead. 11:32

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help !!!!

Nutritionist

She warned
that lack of milk
had sickened common folk,
but someone queenly quipped, "Let them
drink Coke!"

—GLORIA A. MAXSON

"Marry me, Linda, and share my passion for mechanical gadgets."

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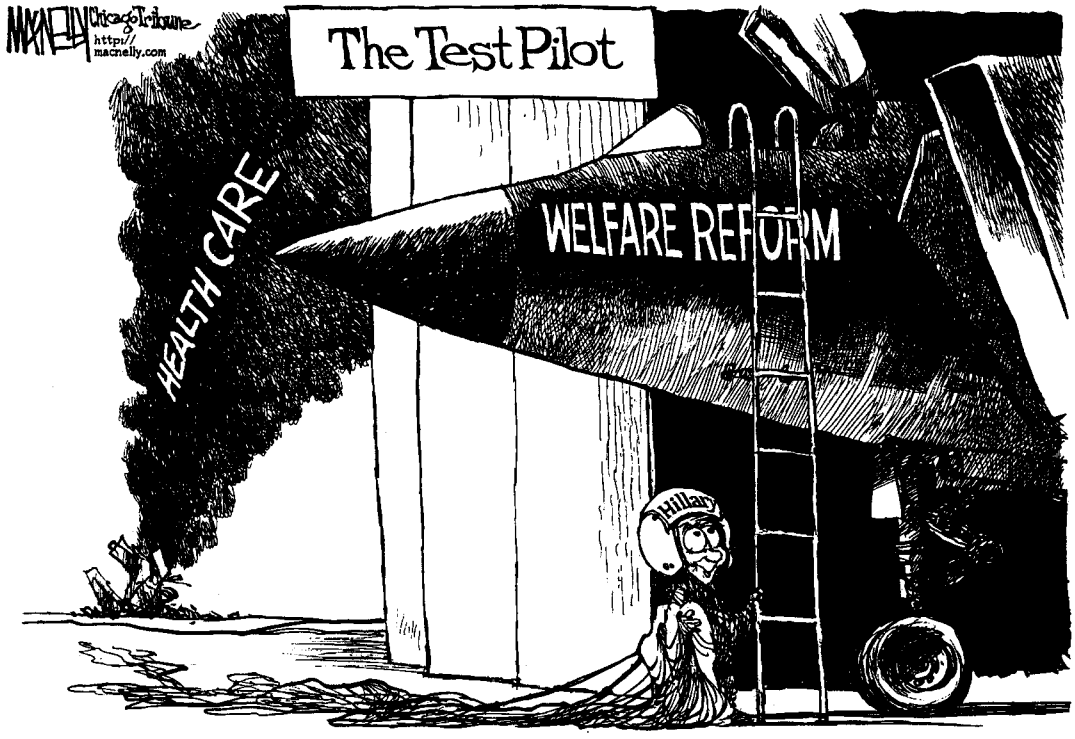

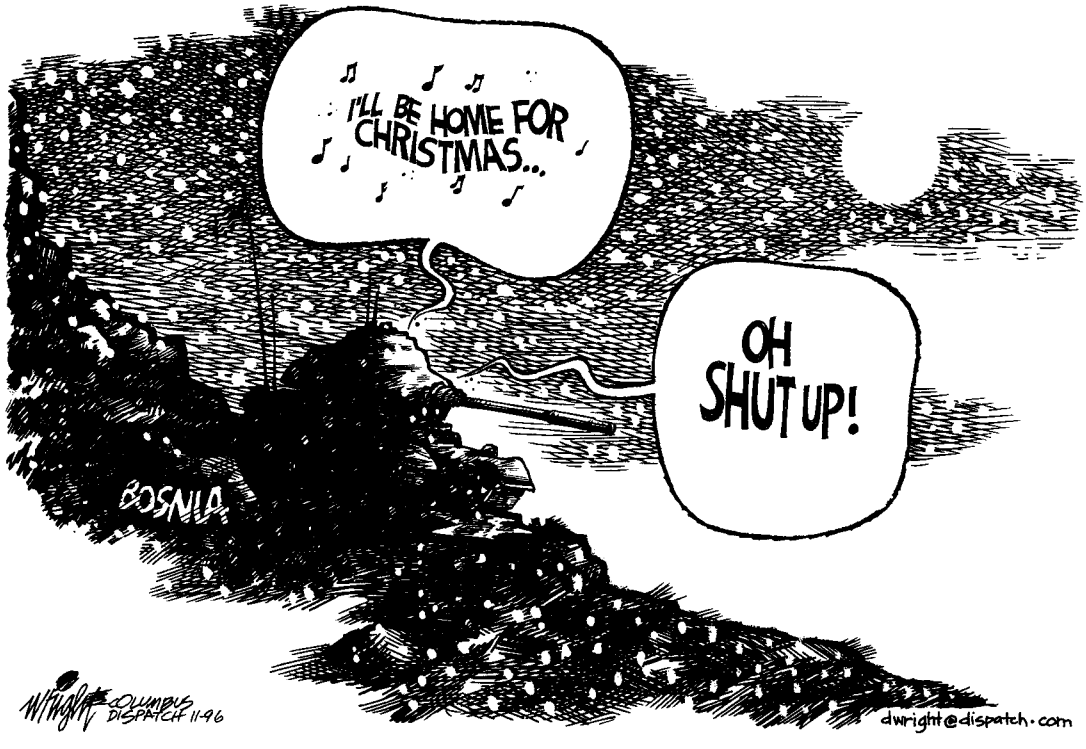

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BOOKS, ARTS & MANNERS

Men for All Seasons

BALINT VAZSONYI

THE decades flanking the year 1800 turned out to be decisive in shaping the history of this country, and the rest of the world as well. Credit must go to a remarkable group of men who happened to live at the same time within a relatively small geographic area. Their names are etched in the minds and hearts of a grateful posterity: Benjamin Franklin, Thomas Jefferson, George Washington, John Adams, James Madison, Alexander Hamilton.

The only reason to withhold the epithet "one-time miracle" from such a gathering of genius is the simultaneous existence of another small group of men, living and working within an even smaller geographic area an ocean away. Rather than through the mind, they reach our hearts through the ear. Their names: Joseph Haydn, Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart, Ludwig van Beethoven, Franz Schubert. Among them, they created most of the greatest music in existence.

America's Founders did not materialize in a vacuum. From King Arthur's Round Table through Magna Carta, much had gone before to prepare the ground, and there was John Locke. Similarly, music could look back upon some distinguished centuries, and there was Johann Sebastian Bach. Yet in terms both of quantity and of quality what occurred simultaneously on the two sides of the Atlantic is without parallel.

Until recently, it appeared that the principles of America's Founders were secure. Until recently, flagship orchestras of the world built their annual programs around the vast treasury bequeathed to us by the giants. In every season, there would be adequate representation of the greater and lesser Romantics of the nineteenth century, a selection from the early eighteenth and from the early twentieth, and space reserved for the music of our own time. Yet, just as the principles by which America lived were until recently those of Franklin, Washington, Jefferson, Adams, and Madison, the core of orchestral programming every year would be provided by Bach, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, and Schubert. They were the men for all seasons.

In Bach's hands music became a universal language. To Haydn we owe the eternal forms: symphony, sonata, string quartet. Mozart brings us closest to Divine perfection. Beethoven taught music to speak a human language, capable of expressing the entire spectrum of the human experience, and, finally, to rise beyond the hold of gravity. Schubert touches the heart with the fewest notes of all.

Such thoughts were rushing through my mind as I surveyed the programs of the New York Philharmonic for the 1996–1997 season. Putting together programs, of course, is a truly ungrateful task. That which is left out always outweighs that which is included. The season must be popular in order to sell tickets, yet it should be balanced, and should afford a disproportionate opportunity for the country's living composers. Add to this differences in taste and the need to reconcile the preferences of the music director with those of the guest artists, and the task becomes formidable indeed.

Criticizing is easier than producing, but I will comment nevertheless. On a hunch, I decided to review the 1966–67 season, because that is about when our world began to change. By this, I mean the phenomenon of gradually phasing out and ultimately ignoring the past—the wish to dispense with the foundations altogether.

The New York Philharmonic kindly provided a copy of the earlier schedule. Interestingly, both seasons include performances of Verdi's *Requiem* and Benjamin Britten's *War Requiem*. Both seasons offer an enormous variety of composers and compositions. Both seasons make generous room for Americans and opportunities to hear first performances.

But there the similarities end. Now, in generic terms, the Philharmonic is a symphony orchestra, named for a composition consisting, generally, of four movements: an *allegro* (occasionally with a slow introduction), a slow movement, a dance movement, and a lively *finale*. The word *sinfonia* began life referring to an orchestral curtain raiser to Neapolitan opera, but in the hands of Joseph Haydn it became the ultimate achievement in orchestral composition.

Haydn himself composed more than a hundred symphonies; Mozart, 41. Beethoven wrote only nine, but those nine created an inferiority complex in his successors; Brahms hesitated for 22 years before unveiling his first symphony. Between Beethoven

Mr. Vazsonyi, a concert pianist and historian, is director of the Center for the American Founding, in Washington, D.C.

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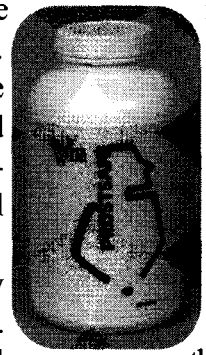

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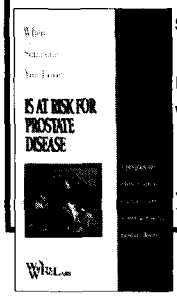

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and Brahms, the symphonies of Schubert, Mendelssohn, and Schumann maintained the line of succession. Others have composed symphonies—Tchaikovsky, Bruckner, Mahler, Dvorák, even Bizet—yet the main, Viennese line stretches from Haydn to Brahms.

In 1966–67, the Philharmonic offered three symphonies by Haydn, one by Mozart, four by Beethoven, three by Schubert, one by Schumann, two by Brahms. This year, it is offering only one by Haydn, none by Mozart, two by Beethoven, three by Schubert (the probable reason being the bicentennial of his birth), one by Schumann, one by Brahms.

This is a 50 per cent reduction on the symphonic side, but wait. The total Beethoven repertoire in 1966–67 included five overtures (*King Stephen*, *Egmont*, *Prometheus*, *Fidelio*, and *Leonore No. 3*). The symphonies were the *Eroica* (in two programs), the Seventh, the Eighth (also in two programs), and the Ninth. There were also Piano Concertos No. 3 and No. 5 (*Emperor*), the Violin Concerto, and the *Missa Solemnis*. This year, we have Symphonies No. 1 and No. 5. That's it.

That artists should shape the public taste is 'elitist' thinking. I recall getting a notice to that effect from a charming young lady after a performance of Beethoven's Fourth Piano Concerto. 'It was just as beautiful as Scott Joplin,' she suggested.

Haydn has been reduced to one symphony; Mozart to an overture and two piano concertos. Less Schubert will be heard in his bicentennial year than thirty years ago. No concertos by Schumann, or by Beethoven for that matter.

But a greater puzzle still is that, among the other 53 composers featured in 1996–97 (Adams, Barber, Bartók, Berlioz, Bizet, Britten, Bruch, Bruckner, Chopin, Copland, Debussy, Dukas, Dvorák, Elgar, Ellington, Fauré, Grieg, Hanson, Harris, Hindemith, Ives, Janacek, Kancheli, Katzer, Kirchner, Kodály, Lieberson, Mahler, Mendelssohn, Mussorgsky, Perle, Piston, Prokofiev, Rachmaninoff, Ravel, Respighi, Rimsky-Korsakov, Saint-Saëns, Schmittke, W. Schuman, Sessions, Sibelius, R. Strauss, Stravinsky, Tanberg, Tchaikovsky, R. Thompson, Tippett, Tubin, Verdi, Vivaldi, Walton, Wilson) one looks in vain for Bach, Handel, Liszt, Wagner, or Schoenberg—all present thirty years ago. Stravinsky gets one nod. At the same time, among them, Berlioz, Dvorák, and Rachmaninoff have 12(!) of their works performed.

DID I say, "puzzle"? I misspoke. What we observe here is merely the reflection of a persistent development which affects all realms of society.

The foregoing comparison presupposes reasonable agreement on matters of quality, greatness, importance. Every one of these categories involves values and judgment. Values, by definition, are absolute. Judgment is a faculty evolved, refined, cultivated over time. The fact is that, for the most part, our schools and our philanthropic institutions have forsaken every one of these categories. The masterwork has become a "text"; evaluation has been replaced by "reception"; keeping quiet until one has something to say has been supplanted by "the right to self-expression."

Such is the environment in which the planners of programs operate. Does anyone even remember a time when concert series were supposed to shape the public taste by offering the finest? That was the approach of Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy, the brilliant young man who laid the foundations of the modern season. He did so in a warehouse of the linen merchants of Leipzig called the *Gewandhaus*—the original of the organization that sent us Kurt Masur, present music director of the New York Philharmonic. Mendelssohn built his Historic Series around the finest works of past and present. He had already made history at the age of twenty by reintroducing Bach's *Passion According to St. Matthew* a century after its long-forgotten premiere. Now he began to build a middle-class audience with a taste for great music, introducing them to Mozart, Beethoven, Schumann, and Schubert.

But the idea that artists should shape the public taste is "elitist" thinking, inadmissible in our egalitarian society. I recall getting my first notice to that effect after a performance of Beethoven's Fourth Piano Concerto. A charming young lady, who attended the concert and the reception, apparently enjoyed my performance and included the composer in her compliments. "It was just as beautiful as Scott Joplin," she suggested. (The movie *The Sting* had just broken records, and millions had discovered Joplin's compelling rags for the first time.) I ventured to make the point that Beethoven and Joplin were hardly in comparable categories. She disagreed vehemently. The conductor, a close friend of mine, took her side.

The young lady was the victim of a common misapprehension: that, by creating a different category in this case, Beethoven, one denies Joplin his place. Nothing could be further from the truth. There are occasions when Joplin is more appropriate than Beethoven. Yet there is a need to observe the distinction between the functions of entertainment and those of art, and an additional need to acknowledge a hierarchy within each. Both considerations have been thrown overboard, and it is Beethoven who is being denied *his* place.

Curiously, the same people who balk at the very suggestion of hierarchies in this context will find it quite natural to pay a great deal more for a BMW than for a Chevy Nova, will constantly upgrade their home computer, and, probably, have gone on to $200 gym shoes. The only realm in which they steadfastly refuse to entertain a system of values is the spiritual, the intangible.

But ridiculing the opposition falls short of the explanation required. In this age of mega-libraries, CD supermarkets, and the Internet, how are new generations to divine what should claim their limited time and attention? All matters of judgment and taste need cultivation—a slow process, which requires keeping company with the best. Only in the last thirty years have people ceased to believe that there is such a thing as "best." Indeed, most people in most places and most of the time agreed on what that "best" was. Disagreements among the cultivated might pit Haydn against Mozart, or Wagner against Verdi, but never Beethoven against Elgar.

We come to think of certain works as great because they have given more profound and defining experiences to more people in more places than others. A line is to be drawn between thrills and defining experiences.

It is especially vital for members of the musical profession to cultivate the company of the great, for it is here that their own best skills will be required and may be judged. Nothing puts the string section of an orchestra to a higher test than a Haydn symphony, because there is no wall of brass behind

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which to hide. Nothing exposes the weakness of the French horns or the first bassoon like Beethoven's Fourth.

Was the young lady, then, not entitled to her opinion? Of course she was entitled. But she should not have declined to entertain a better-informed opinion. Worse still, my friend should not have denied his old-fashioned views. That evening, as I suspected then and know now, was my first sign of uninformed opinion about to take over, and informed opinion too intimidated to say, "Stop."

Today, the uninformed do more than express opinions. From their ranks come lecturers on the rostrum, authors in the bookstore, and recipients of vast foundation grants. Some of them probably would find two Beethoven symphonies in a season two too many.

Performing artists are still subject to a kind of natural selection. Playing an instrument requires not only talent, but lifelong discipline. Similar rules used to apply to composition. Aspirants needed to demonstrate that they were competent to improvise on a theme, construct all basic forms of music, and write acceptable counterpoint, and that they knew their way around the instruments for which they were composing. And that was still just competence, perhaps enough to get a job, but not to bring forth works that would earn a place in the concert hall. That required talent, if not genius.

But those days are gone. The current absence of any measurement of competence favors the charlatan. As in other art forms, accession to the lofty title "artist" often requires little more than a pronouncement by the person in question. How does a planner of programs determine quality? How does one fulfill the obligation of presenting new vintages with any hope that one's selection will be confirmed by posterity?

Unless we retain an adequate proportion of the greatest works, we will lose our ability to evaluate new ones. We will be mired in quicksand, rather than standing on solid ground. Explanatory program notes, however eloquent, will never replace the way great music makes us feel, because great music speaks to the heart through the ear. If it does not reach our heart, it is not great; if it does not reach us through the ear, it is not music. Should we forget this, we will be at the mercy of political, as opposed to aesthetic, considerations.

And here Vienna meets Philadelphia. How are we to judge today's politicians, unless we keep company with America's classic symphonies? In this case, it is not the *Jupiter* or the *Eroica*, but the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution that provide the yardstick. Just as a composer ought to be expected to write decent form and counterpoint, our politicians must demonstrate that they remain anchored in the founding principles.

We the public will then be able to decide whether to buy a season ticket. □

Impudent Snobs, Updated

JOHN R. COYNE JR.

"TYRRELL'S portrait of Clinton is far from flattering," says the author of *Boy Clinton*'s dust-jacket blurb.

That, to say the least, is putting it mildly. Among other things, Bob Tyrrell's Bill Clinton is a dangerous KGB-inspired (and perhaps -sponsored) radical; an abettor and beneficiary of cocaine smuggling; an obstructor of justice; a tax cheat; a sexual predator; a witness (at the very least) to the "peculiar pattern" of death and violence among those involved in his rise to power; a congenital liar.

Boy Clinton: A Political Biography, by R. Emmett Tyrrell Jr. (Regnery, 356 pp., $24.95)

"He tells huge lies when a little white lie would be sufficient," writes Tyrrell. "He applies a modest lie when no lie is needed . . . he intones them all so smoothly, so coolly, so reflexively as to suggest that, for him, there is no reality beyond himself. He lies like a man totally unencumbered by conceptions of right and wrong. He lies like a sociopath."

Tyrrell makes a strong and well-researched case for the truth of these assertions—and, where hard evidence is difficult to come by, for the need for ongoing investigations, both governmental and journalistic. The problem is that neither government officials nor journalists are inclined to follow through. In fact, says Tyrrell, the inclination—especially among "mainstream" journalists—is to help in the coverup.

Why? The answer is partly ideological—a vestigial liberalism—and partly cultural. "They [the Clintons] were holy people. They fought the Vietnam War, the imperial Presidency, racism. They could do no wrong." Thus, automatic empathy—and complicity—from the media stars, many of them, like the Clintons, products of the Sixties.

A case in point is Troopergate, the scandal involving Clinton's amorous exploits, first comprehensively reported in a 1993 article in *The American Spectator*, of which Tyrrell is editor-in-chief.

The substance of the article, nicely titled "His Cheatin' Heart," was also to have been the basis for a story in the *Los Angeles Times*, negotiated by a lawyer for the Arkansas state troopers who substantiated the story. The *Times* backed off, but *The American Spectator* ran the story, its circulation increased tenfold, and the White House unloosed a propaganda barrage against Tyrrell and his publication which, as James Warren pointed out in the *Chicago Tribune*, "seemed to be largely embraced by official Washington and its solicitous press corps."

The pundits, writes Tyrrell, "depreciated the troopers' stories as 'unbelievable' and 'baloney' even while claiming that everyone was already well aware of Clinton's sexual improprieties and the citizenry elected him President anyway. So the unbelievable was irrelevant because everyone already knew it was true."

Incidentally, the pundit who called the troopers' stories "baloney," and who asked, "Where are the women?" was *Newsweek*'s Joe Klein. Klein, as we all learned shortly after the publication of this book, is the anonymous author of

Mr. Coyne is a writer and business executive in Chicago.

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Primary Colors, the novelistic recounting of the 1992 Clinton campaign, where "the women," drawn from life by Klein, all appear in fictionalized forms. As John Corry put it, "*Primary Colors* sanitizes the least attractive aspects of the Clinton Administration by allowing everyone to regard them as fiction."

Nor does Klein's "baloney" work in only one direction. The juicier details of the President's transgressions, first reported in *The American Spectator*, have been repeated in most mainstream media organs—but always with a disapproving disclaimer aimed at the original source. And that, in effect, is the media's template for covering Clinton's ongoing scandals: deplore the source, but repeat the juicy parts.

The chapter on the publication of the Troopergate article and the reaction of the mainstream media is a book in itself —*The Impudent Snobs*, updated. There is also much more here: for instance, the possible use of Mena Airport, with Clinton's knowledge, for running guns to the Nicaraguan Contras and bringing drugs to American markets—though the facts remain in dispute here—or Mr. Tyrrell's finely written account of his trip to Prague to interview the Communist family with whom the draft-deferred Clinton stayed on one of his trips behind the Iron Curtain.

There are also perceptive sketches of the making of what Tyrrell calls a "coat-and-tie radical" (coat and tie for the job interviews, radical for the demonstrations and the TV cameras) and a "chronic campaigner" (getting into office is important; accomplishments are not). Clinton's coming of age in the counterculture of the Sixties is examined, as are his antecedents in the corrupt political culture of Arkansas: "Here is the cultural semen that accounts for President Bill Clinton; the egg is in Arkansas."

That last is very much Tyrrell, as is this description of Michael Lerner, one of the New Age charlatans briefly taken up by Hillary Clinton: "Lerner was the editor of *Tikkun*, an irregularly published magazine incorporating ground-up Marx, finely minced Freud, and herbs and spices from every bunko artist since the great days of Robespierre."

Tyrrell is genuinely funny, and his very special brand of Juvenalian wit has imbued *The American Spectator* with a unique tone and texture since it began as *The Alternative* in the 1960s. It was, in fact, an alternative to the counterculture then, just as it serves as an antidote to that culture today—a culture that has successfully moved from the campus to the White House, and in the process established itself in the bureaucracy and the agencies of government, as well as in the major media.

For a time—through 1994 and into 1995, as Tyrrell was at work on this book—the balance seemed to have tipped the other way. The elections of 1994 brought a new breed of young congressmen to Washington—the social and cultural heirs of the 1960s conservative counter-revolution and the Reagan revolution of the 1980s.

Thus, Tyrrell could conclude with some confidence that the civil war waged intermittently since the 1960s was finally won: "Clinton's re-election in 1996 would run contrary to the rules of evidence, normative human experience, and all known theories of history save those of Edward Gibbon, the diagnostician of civilizations in decline."

However, it was more than just scribble-scribble-scribble with Mr. Gibbon, and the reasons for Bill Clinton's hold on the White House have become deeply embedded in those layers of public perceptions that we call culture.

That is why it's a shame more Americans didn't read *Boy Clinton* before the recent election. For after doing so, any-

'Here is the cultural semen that accounts for President Bill Clinton; the egg is in Arkansas.'

one not ideologically committed to him would have found it very difficult to vote unquestioningly for the President. Tyrrell is a splendid satirist and writer, and insofar as his message may yet penetrate what he calls the *Kultursmog*, he will have performed a singular literary and political public service. □

It Takes a Whitewash

RICH LOWRY

DAVID Brock is in much the same position as the author of a brilliant first novel: after *The Real Anita Hill*, a courageous book that devastated a liberal icon, everything else will seem a letdown. Part of the disappointed conservative reaction to his latest book surely stems from its failure to meet the inflated expectations aroused by his first—from the fact that it reveals no new scandals or other information embarrassing to the First Lady. But this is a strange, and unfair, standard by which to judge a book.

It is not incumbent on David Brock to spend the rest of his career as the opposition researcher for the Right, and the fact that *The Seduction of Hillary Rodham* didn't provide new material for a Dole attack ad (not that the campaign would have used it) says nothing about its quality. The real problem with this book goes deeper. Brock bends over so far backward to be fair that he ends up falling at his subject's feet. The long-expected attack-book becomes instead an apologia—an occasionally shabby and ultimately unconvincing one.

Hillary Rodham grew up in a conservative suburb of Chicago and at first aped the Republican politics of her father, a small-businessman named Hugh Rodham. But she was gradually drawn to the social-activist tendencies of her

***The Seduction of Hillary Rodham*, by David Brock (Free Press, 452 pp., $26)**

family's Methodism, and by 1969, when she delivered a commencement address at Wellesley, she had embraced the boilerplate rhetoric of student protest: "For too long our leaders have used politics as the art of the possible. And the challenge now is to practice politics as the art of making what appears to be impossible, possible."

Brock identifies as the crucial influences on Miss Rodham radical organizer Saul Alinsky, whose theories she defended in her senior thesis, and Yale Law School, where she absorbed a view

Mr. Lowry is NR*'s national political reporter.*

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of the law as a means to political power. She put these ideas into practice first as a staffer on the Watergate Committee, then, in the early 1980s, as chairman of the Legal Services Corporation.

In the midst of an account of his subject's dubious tactics at the LSC, Mr. Brock notes: "Perhaps the impropriety never even occurred to her." As the story develops, this type of caveat mushrooms into an all-purpose explanation for any of Mrs. Clinton's questionable undertakings. It is Brock's contention that in giving up her potential career and moving to Arkansas to be with Bill Clinton, she, "in a figurative sense, had married the mob." In the "seduction" of Hillary Rodham, it is Clinton who is the main seducer, and as such all moral agency, and any blame for wrongdoing, attaches to him rather than to her.

Consider Mr. Brock's treatment of Mrs. Clinton's representing the Madison Guaranty Savings & Loan, owned by her Whitewater partner Jim McDougal. As the story is recounted in James Stewart's *Bloodsport*, Mrs. Clinton and her colleagues in the Rose law firm's litigation department were under pressure in the mid 1980s to drum up business. According to Mr. McDougal (convicted on 18 counts in May's Whitewater trial), in August 1984 Bill Clinton visited his office and asked him to send some work Hillary's way. The next spring, McDougal says, Mrs. Clinton herself stopped by, mentioning that Bill had suggested she see him. Mr. McDougal and Mrs. Clinton agreed that Madison would pay Rose a $2,000 monthly retainer.

In his preface, Brock raps Stewart for "giv[ing] more credence to the word of two now-convicted Whitewater felons than to Hillary," in part, one assumes, with this incident in mind. But, as Stewart makes clear, the story rests on more than McDougal's word. A Madison employee remembers Clinton visiting that August morning and McDougal complaining about the governor, fresh from jogging, sweating in one of his chairs—a detail unlikely to have been fabricated. Mrs. Clinton has said that a Rose associate named Richard Massey procured the Madison business, but Mr. Massey contradicts her story on important points and says he got involved only after she met with McDougal.

The way Brock deals with all this amounts to a whitewash. He implies that Mr. McDougal sought out Mrs. Clinton, not even mentioning McDougal's contention that she came to him in April 1985 looking for business. Worse, he fails to mention that Mr. Massey disputes Mrs. Clinton's rendition of how Rose got the Madison account—a major part of the story. Brock's conclusion? Not that Mrs. Clinton took Madison as a client to bring $2,000 a month to the Rose firm, but that she "was helping Bill repay a political debt to McDougal."

The scrubbing Mr. Brock gives Mrs. Clinton's motives approaches the laughable.

In other words, it's Bill's fault. The scrubbing Mr. Brock gives Mrs. Clinton's motives at every turn approaches the laughable. This is his explanation of the Travelgate affair, in which she seems to have been a moving force behind the firing of seven longtime travel-office employees and then gone to some lengths to obscure her role:

> Hillary has rarely, if ever, acted from such base and trivial motives [as steering business to friends]. Higher political goals were surely at work. As her comments about "saving money" showed, one goal was probably fulfilling Clinton's pledge to downsize the White House staff. Hillary was likely encouraged to act as well by the stories she was hearing about corruption in the travel office, which she may have accepted at face value. At this juncture, under fire for her role in the health-care task force, and facing a severe political test with the Lani Guinier nomination, the White House could ill afford another scandal. Hillary may have felt that clearing out an allegedly corrupt travel office was the only responsible course. . . . Thus, while Hillary may have been motivated to act by higher ends, Bill likely considered the travel office shake-up a reward to his Arkansas cronies.

This goes beyond charity.

At times Brock is forthrightly critical of the First Lady's rigidity and her ends-justify-the-means approach to power, but the dominant tone is one of indulgence—almost of celebration.

What's going on here? One clue is Mr. Brock's dismissive attitude toward Bill Clinton. For Brock, praising Mrs. Clinton becomes another way of dumping on her husband.

Another clue is his contention that people didn't like Mrs. Clinton during the 1992 campaign because they were "threatened and offended by the sudden prominence of an assertive and strong-minded woman." This, of course, is an old liberal chestnut. The simpler explanation of Mrs. Clinton's unpopularity is that she exudes a self-righteous belief that she (and her friends in government) know best. But Brock genuinely seems to buy the notion of her as a maligned female icon and lets it color his analysis. He even suggests that *New York Times* columnist Maureen Dowd is motivated by "self-disgust" in her criticisms of the First Lady.

The final, and perhaps most telling, clue is a comment Brock made at a recent dinner of Washington journalists. He expressed surprise that his book had been panned by Garry Wills in *The New York Review of Books*, noting that he makes several favorable references to Mr. Wills. Brock does indeed praise Wills for "two perceptive essays." But Wills—predictably—didn't let that stop him from writing that Brock hates the First Lady. Given the evidence of *The Seduction*, Wills missed the mark. What's more likely is that Brock hates being trapped in the role of a partisan conservative journalist, and this book is his misbegotten attempt at escape. □

Not Empty—Yet

WILLIAM MURCHISON

"EMPTY" is one of those dust-jacket exaggerations you get from publishers eager to entice book-browsers. American churches aren't empty of worshippers. Yet.

Every Sunday millions still turn up at the so-called mainline churches—Episcopal, Methodist, Presbyterian, Lutheran, etc.—for the sociological revels that

The Empty Church: The Suicide of Liberal Christianity, by Thomas C. Reeves (Free Press, 288 pp., $25)

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nowadays, in many venues, pass for Christian worship. By contrast, Roman Catholics and genuine evangelicals, with their concern for the content of the faith, pretty much hold their own in this paganizing age.

Thomas C. Reeves's point is that little of what goes on at the mainline churches has much to do with religion, traditionally and rightly understood. He is hugely persuasive and endlessly informative. *The Empty Church*, in its scholarly, even-tempered way, is a terrifying document, suggestive of coming judgment.

How in God's name, Reeves's readers will ask, did things get so far out of whack? Didn't this use to be a religious nation? Of course: a few decades ago, when religion implied devotion to supernatural authority and subordination of human appetites to the Divine will.

Then came—among other things—the autonomy craze, which built on Americans' already considerable disposition to define truth for themselves. The upshot is what Reeves, a professor of history at the University of Wisconsin, Parkside, calls "consumer Christianity." Pick and choose your favorite doctrines—if any. (Gallup polls assert that fewer than half of us can name the four Gospels but that 56 per cent of Lutherans and 49 per cent of Methodists believe in UFOs.)

"America," Reeves writes, "is not—not yet, anyway—a thoroughly secularized society. But its Christianity, in large part, has been watered down and is at ease with basic secular premises about personal conduct and the meaning of life."

The mainline churches, from which American religion draws most of its character, have agendas, all right—but not necessarily religious agendas, concerned with the old mainstays of repentance, faith, and salvation. "It is all too often presumed," writes Reeves, "that God is wholly and merely . . . nice." Such a God wouldn't condemn those unwilling to take Him on faith, would He? What He seems really to value is personal expression, liberation, the higher consciousness—a secular gospel hard to disentangle from the projects of government agencies and special-interest organizations. Thus liberal Protestantism becomes "a sort of sanctimonious echo of National Public Radio or the left wing of the Democratic Party." It supports feminism, homosexuality, and the liberal political agenda.

While liberal churches "follow an ideological line engraved in stone in the days of Ringo Starr and George McGovern," members steal out the back door, shutting it noiselessly but tightly. Since the Sixties, mainline churches' memberships are down by a fifth to a third. The Methodists, once admired for their vitality (and condemned by the likes of Mencken for their supposed stranglehold on the culture), have been losing ten thousand members a week. There are currently more Mormons in the United States than Presbyterians. As the exodus grows, the remnant greys. Three-fifths of Methodist laymen are over fifty.

Gallup polls assert that fewer than half of us can name the four Gospels but that 56 per cent of Lutherans and 49 per cent of Methodists believe in UFOs.

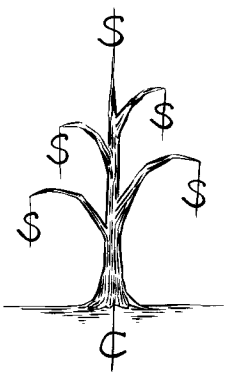
"Americans are a practical people," says Reeves, "and a great many of them fail to be convinced that the mainline churches are worth their time. Liberal Protestantism, in its determined policy of accommodation with the secular world, has succeeded in making itself dispensable. In fact, the vast majority of Americans are not convinced that going to any church is necessary to be a good Christian."

Some are. Conservative Protestant churches (and also, of course, the Roman Catholics) attract converts seeking firmness of conviction. Reeves, long a leader in the Episcopal Church's Catholic wing, is not buoyed by this phenomenon. He fails to see "sobbing pop gospel soloists, garish theatrics, shouting preachers, and boisterous worshippers" as appropriate substitutes for, say, the sublimity of the Anglican liturgy. At the same time, he knows something has to change.

What? How? To begin with, we must remember that none of this happened overnight. Mr. Reeves deftly outlines the Enlightenment pedigree of our present religious discontents; he points to the nineteenth-century pseudo-scientism that eroded respect for supernatural origins and powers. As long ago as the 1920s, the conservative Presbyterian theologian J. Gresham Machen drew censorious attention to the existence of two religions—liberal Christianity and the historic faith—dwelling beneath the same steeple. The image of two religions has grown newly relevant in the Nineties.

Clearly the orthodox faith has to be reclaimed—a precondition to the recovery of sound morality. According to Reeves, "Requiring acceptance of the undiluted faith, long the practice in Christendom, would create a climate of exclusivity, mutual purpose, and community, and so would demands for purity of life."

Other recommendations follow: evangelize, become involved in the media, stem the flight of young people, accelerate social and charitable activities, take care concerning political involvement, strengthen the clergy, and so on.



A plausible program indeed, with just one hitch—persuading subversive bishops and heretical theologians to recognize the error of their ways: to repent (in tough, old-fashioned theological language) and get right with God.

"There is indeed cause for pessimism," says Reeves. "But in my judgment, the possibility of self-transformation remains alive. If enough mainliners become sufficiently informed and concerned, I believe, they have a chance of reviving and invigorating their churches. With determination and energy, for example, elections can be won. Liberals, let us remember, are a minority—a fact they prefer to conceal."

There would seem one more possibility—that of Divine chastisement, followed by Divinely initiated renewal of the church. It has happened often before. In any case, the Millennium draws near. The emptier the church, the riper for a surprise call from Headquarters. □

Mr. Murchison, a senior columnist at the Dallas Morning News, *is writing a book on the Episcopal Church.*

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The Church (Very) Militant

LINDA BRIDGES

A BYSTANDER observing the tumult within the Anglican Communion these days might be forgiven for coming away with the impression that everything had gone along serenely (if the people he is listening to are traditionalists) or stultifyingly (if they are modernists) from 1662 to about 1960.

In fact, the calm that (mostly) prevailed from the mid 1930s to the late 1950s was something of an aberration. Leaving aside various battles over ecclesiastical polity, there had been two major upheavals since 1662, both of them beginning in Oxford: the Wesleyan revival (soon dubbed Methodism by its opponents) in the 1730s, and the Anglo-Catholic revival (the Oxford Movement) in the 1830s. These two revivals are commonly regarded as being at opposite ends of the spectrum, since the Methodists evolved toward a de-emphasis of ritual and a Protestant view of the sacraments and the clergy, while the Oxford Movement took a Catholic view and evolved toward high ritual. Yet both were at bottom evangelizing reactions to a church that seemed to have forgotten what it was there for.

Glorious Battle: The Cultural Politics of Victorian Anglo-Catholicism, by John Shelton Reed (Vanderbilt, 357 pp., $34.95)

When the nineteenth-century revival is thought of today, it is likely to be in Trollopean terms: There was a brief, intense flurry at Oxford, led by John Henry Newman, John Keble, and Edward Bouverie Pusey; Newman and some of his followers went so high, in the shocking image used in *Barchester Towers*, that "they toppled over into the cesspool of Rome," while others, like that novel's hero, Francis Arabin, settled gratefully back into the Church of England, bringing fresh air, theologically and liturgically, into the musty world of Victorian churchmanship.

In fact, the combative phase of the story, so far from ending when Newman went to Rome, lasted more than sixty years, and included acts of Parliament, lawsuits, and riots. In England, priests were imprisoned for infractions of the Public Worship Regulation Act such as using unleavened bread and facing liturgical East (i.e., with their backs to the congregation) while celebrating Mass; in our country James De Koven, twice duly elected bishop, was twice denied consecration because he affirmed the Real Presence of Christ in the Eucharist.

But as John Shelton Reed rightly says in *Glorious Battle*, "the history of the movement after Newman's secession has been much less thoroughly described. In serious histories of Victorian Britain, even in most serious histories of Victorian religion, the heroes and mock-heroes of the second, 'Ritualist' phase of the Anglo-Catholic revival are usually relegated to becoming obscurity." For the battle was not always glorious. Very real things were being fought over—nothing less than the way God works in the world and the health of His people's souls—and yet Catholics sometimes seemed more concerned to *épater* the rising commercial classes than to proclaim God's truth, and their opponents sometimes seemed more concerned with the Englishman's position as head of his family than with Jesus' position as Head of His Church.

But the seriousness of the points at issue does not stop the details of the disputes from being funny—indeed, often hilarious. Mr. Reed is a story-teller in the great Southern tradition; and as for his subjects—well, as a friend once wrote to me, "One thing I forgot to tell you about Episcopalians—they're contentious." The same goes for our English cousins. Here is a Sunday morning in 1859 at St. George's-in-the-East:

> [The Rev. Harry Jones] discovered that the sight of the red edge on his hymn book would produce "a deep inarticulate growl from all parts of the building." He tested this experimentally several times: "When I lifted it up, apropos to nothing in the service, the growl came as surely as sound following the laying of the hand on the keys of an organ in full wind." While the surpliced choir and their sympathizers chanted the psalms at the top of their lungs, "the bulk of the congregation preferred reading them, which they did in a sort of quarter-deck voice." Another observer reported that when the choir turned to the east at the Creed, most of the congregation turned to the west.

Choosing such matters as one's battleground may sound rather quaint from the perspective of the 1990s; and yet it is scarcely thirty years since Archbishop Ramsey had to take up the cudgels in Parliament to get the wearing of alb and chasuble legalized in Britain.

When the Oxford Movement is thought of today, it is likely to be in Trollopean terms.

Glorious Battle is not primarily a theological work. Instead, it examines the Anglo-Catholic movement sociologically (much as David Martin has done for present-day evangelicalism); it proceeds, that is, "by asking the ordinary questions that sociologists ask about any social movement. Most obviously: What kinds of people made it up, who opposed it, and why?" The short answer, in this case, is: Ritualism was championed by those who rejected, or felt rejected by, the commercial middle class; it was vigorously opposed by that class, and especially by the "muscular Christian" side of it; and it was supported, though not uncritically, by adherents of the old "High and Dry" school of churchmanship and by many of the original Oxford Movement figures, including Keble and Pusey themselves.

That is the short answer. The long answer takes up the bulk of the book. It includes statistical analysis, but by far the greater part of it consists of stories drawn from contemporary sources, full of wonderful, knobbly detail. There is Father Mackonochie, who "when he was ordered to stop kneeling 'excessively' at the Eucharist . . . began genuflecting instead; when he was ordered to stop genuflecting, he began bowing—and his bishop lost his patience and removed him from his church for a time." Or this letter from Lord Halifax to the Archbishop of York: "'I cannot conceive of anything more splendid than that your Grace should be executed on

Miss Bridges is NR's managing editor.

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Tower Hill. . . . Nothing but the martyrdom of an Archbishop can save the Church of England.' " Or the time a consecrated Host was stolen from an altar and entered into evidence in a police court; eventually It was rescued and was reverently consumed by Archbishop Tait, with a solemn Te Deum.

Many Ritualist priests believed they were called to minister to the slum-dwellers; their theory was that the beauty of the liturgy and vestments would speak to those who could not respond to a more intellectual appeal. Mr. Reed weighs the evidence, and concludes that while many of the poor did respond to ritual, a more important factor was the tendency of the men who ran these parishes to be especially hard-working, generous, and loving priests.

Mr. Reed's concluding chapter is called "The Irony of Anglo-Catholicism"—the irony being that in persevering and, in important respects, triumphing, it lost some of its "outlaw charm." One might add that its becoming part of the mainstream paved the way for a new age of Anglican compromise in which, in many parishes, much was lost. In our own day, while many High Church Episcopalians rejoice that the new Prayer Book is essentially a Catholic document, there are others who believe they gave up too much and would happily go back to their never-officially-countenanced Missals. And there are still others who, over this or another of the roiling issues, have left the Anglican Communion, settling in one of the "Continuing Anglican" groupings or turning to Rome or Constantinople.

As a work of historical scholarship, *Glorious Battle* does not involve itself in these current controversies. But most of the ones Mr. Reed does chronicle foreshadow those of our own time. The question of liturgical forms and practices, now as then, has the power to arouse emotions to as high a pitch as more substantive matters, probably because they are what congregants experience every time they go to church, whereas one can put out of one's head for weeks at a time the problem of bishops who deny whole paragraphs of the Creed. The issue of women was a blazing one then too, although the point being argued was not the possibility of ordination but the propriety of conventual life (not to mention the Victorian paterfamilias's horror at the thought of his wife or daughter engaging in sacramental confession). And while the term "homosexual" was not coined until the very end of this period, some of the young men attracted to Ritualism were heartily despised by the muscular Christians as "unmanly, unnatural, un-English."

But finally, there was then, and is now, comfort, as Mr. Reed puts it, for "Anglo-Catholics, who knew enough history to realize that the Church had suffered such trials before." □

FILM

The Hungarian Patient

JOHN SIMON

SOME movies enjoy instant canonization. Well before they open, the word is out: "This is one you mustn't miss"; and, next thing you know, the reviews are rapturous, too. So the usually wholesomely skeptical Anthony Lane of *The New Yorker* proclaimed ***The English Patient*** a near-masterpiece which he had already seen twice. Having missed the critics' screenings, I went on a weekday to an early afternoon showing at a movie theater and practically couldn't get a seat. All that without a big star in the cast.

This is, in its way, encouraging. We have here, after all, a film based on a highly literary novel by Michael Ondaatje—so literary, in fact, that many found it unreadable. (I didn't even try to read it.) Anthony Minghella, the scenarist-director, apparently had to do a lot of inventing to tie the many strands into a coherent 160-minute movie, and more or less managed it, although coherence does not preclude oversaturation. The film feels like an interminable Chinese banquet, with more and more unfamiliar courses in unsettling order served up to the befuddlement of a Western palate and queasiness of a Western stomach.

Mr. Simon is NR*'s film critic.*

The eponymous English patient is the Hungarian Count László Almásy (a historical figure, though here fictionalized), a member of the International Sand Club, a group of gentleman explorers who, with primitive planes and on foot, mapped the North African deserts in the years preceding World War II. The Club, which emerges in the film as a cross between Kipling and Hemingway, with a sprinkling of David Lean's *Lawrence of Arabia*, comprises also Madox, a Britisher and intimate of Almásy's, and his friend Geoffrey Clifton, a pilot, who brings along his wife, Katharine.

By going into the past I have already anticipated what is revealed in flashbacks. For the film begins in Tuscany near the end of WW II, when Hana, a French-Canadian army nurse, decides to quit and install herself and a favorite patient in an abandoned monastery, so to ease the man's dying. This is, of course, desertion, but she doesn't care, and neither, apparently, does the army as it blithely marches on.

The terribly, terribly British patient—his face so badly burned that it would guarantee him a role in any horror film—is, of course, Almásy, and is played by Ralph Fiennes. Now, I was willing to suspend my disbelief while watching the Sand Club and their lady gather for dinner outside their desert tents, each looking more immaculate than the next. I was willing to swallow the notion of an abandoned monastery (where would the monks have gone?) staying empty even after that section of Italy had been liberated. I could force myself into believing that Hana, in a sort of trance, would walk smack into a presumptive minefield despite frantic warnings from a couple of sappers. Out of sheer generosity, I might even let pass the wonderful dishes Hana prepares for her patient out of God knows what ingredients. But a Hungarian with an impeccable British accent is unconscionable. Hungarians do not shake their accents in English—think of all those Hollywood types, like Mike Curtiz, Paul Lukas, and S. Z. Sakall, linguistic laughingstocks all.

To be sure, the film is full of wonderful hokum. A magnificent sandstorm that the incipient lovers, Almásy and Katharine, sit out in the front of a truck has everyone else buried under mountains of sand. But the pair emerge unfazed and empowered to move moun-

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tains—well, dunes—as they dig the others out practically with their bare hands. Or take the afternoon Christmas party at the British Embassy in Cairo, where Geoffrey sweats in a Santa suit while, in a back room, his wife is uprightly cuckolding him as she and Almásy make torrid love against a wall. The sticky atmosphere with soldiers in the courtyard singing boisterous carols, while Almásy lurks about coaxing Katharine into his arms, is palpably conveyed: three different heats competing—the courtyard's, the Santa suit's, the frenzied lovers'.

We have here a film based on a novel so literary that many found it unreadable.

Conversely, a whole espionage subplot involving Willem Dafoe as a thief tortured by the Nazis and determined to wreak vengeance on Almásy (never mind the details) does not quite come off. And the love affair between Hana and a Sikh, Kip—one of those two sappers previously so concerned for her—is somewhat skimped on, although there is a marvelous scene for them in a dark church where Kip hands Hana a flare and hoists her up with a pulley, as stunning, starkly illuminated frescoes stare back at her enraptured face.

There is something wearying, though, about the continuous shuttling between past and present, the Sahara and Tuscany, strange goings-on in an enormous cave (in which, apparently, a lover's dead body is preserved intact and supple) and passionate carryings-on just about everywhere—I tell you, the atmosphere is so charged that even a church spire and an ancient cypress seem fraught with phallic energy. And, incidentally, when was a French-Canadian girl ever named Hana?

Ralph Fiennes could perhaps be more galvanic as Almásy, but Naveen Andrews is positively deliquescent as Kip. However, it is the women who matter. Neither Kristin Scott Thomas (Katharine) nor Juliette Binoche (Hana) is conventionally beautiful, but both—through a blend of sensuality, charm, talent, and intelligence—achieve a sublime luminescence that haloes their everyday humanity with something higher, English refinement and French *je ne sais quoi* at their best. They irradiate the film and burn away its inauthenticities.

There is added help from John Seale's sovereign cinematography, which manages to make the desert, seen from a low-flying plane, look like the undulating contours of female flesh. Also from Gabriel Yared's imaginative score, which knows when to use a solo piano for a long stretch, and when to go for various, always apt, orchestrations. Perhaps it does not even matter that the tragedy is precipitated by a bit of stupidity from the hero: a man who carries about with him a battered copy of Herodotus with prized love letters between its pages will be forgiven much. □

DELECTATIONS

These Hallowed Halls

LINDA BRIDGES

"How shall we sing the Lord's song in a strange land?"

BY the time you read this, NATIONAL REVIEW will have been uprooted from the wonderful old rabbit warren we have inhabited for all but the first two years of our corporate existence. Its managing editor will have been uprooted from the *querencia* she has inhabited for 23 of those 39 years—an office that a visitor recently described as "that little cranny filled with paper."

Of course, as WFB indicated in Notes & Asides last issue, there are those who think we should be rejoicing rather than mourning. They see only the peeling paint, the chipped floor tiles, the fact that to look something up in *Webster's Third* an editor based on the second

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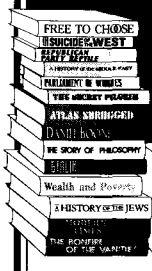

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floor has to pop up to the third floor or down to the first. They would side with the efficiency expert whom Bill was once talked into hiring. After two days spent observing the ratio of staff to bathrooms (approximately 1 to 1; 150 East 35th was originally and will again be an apartment building), the time spent on the staircase, and the dizzying turns required to get from the front door to what had been the back bedroom—after two days of that, his conclusion was straightforward: "It's physically impossible to produce a magazine in this setup." That was 38 years ago.

But some of us will miss the elegance that generations of haphazard maintenance haven't obliterated: the lovely façade, the graceful windows, those portions of molding still remaining. And we shall miss, too the hominess, the feeling that, at any time of the night, tucked into your own suite, you're as safe as houses. All of that we shall lose. But what has really hallowed these halls is the accumulation of laughter and tears, battle scars won and long pernickety hours put in, and such things, we shall have to hope, are not dependent on the *genius loci.*

One physical memento can and will be transported: the Willmoore Kendall Memorial Couch, so named because on it early one morning the then managing editor, Suzanne La Follette, found Willmoore and his girlfriend *in flagrante.* This touched off an explosion of demands for firings, threats of resignations, meetings, and memos; Bill himself had to negotiate the diplomatic solution.

Bill Rusher's old office has already been changed out of all recognition by his successors as publisher (Wick Allison briefly, and now Ed Capano); but if I close my eyes I can remember how it looked before—and quickly again after—his colleagues did a little rearranging. WAR had done something to annoy them, and they decided on vengeance. Led by Bill Never-Do-Anything-by-Halves Rickenbacker, they simply reversed everything in Rusher's office: the etching of Princeton that had always hung *here* changed places with the photo of Barry Goldwater that had always hung *there*; the pages of the desk calendar were taken off their sprockets and remounted, all 365 of them, in reverse order; the intercom lines were switched so that button #1 summoned Rose Flynn, the bookkeeper, not Ann Turner, the secretary, and button #2 summoned Ann, not Rose. The elves didn't know whether to be disappointed or elated by Bill's refusal to sit there trying to cope with mounting frustration: instead, he disappeared to his club, whence he telephoned Ann and ordered her to have things put to rights by 9:57 the next morning.

The rhythms of editorial closing day have changed, with the advent of computer typesetting and John O'Sullivan; but in the old days there was literally a crescendo as the deadline approached. Copy was sent between Priscilla Buckley, on the second floor, and Bill, on the third, via dumbwaiter, with a three-bell "I'm sending you something" signal answered by a one-bell "I'm retrieving it." The ever-closer bells, interspersed with the *thunk* of the apparatus reaching top or bottom, had something of the feel of a Linotype shop in full spate.

When it was decided, in 1969, that the staff had grown too large for Bill Buckley's office to be a suitable place any longer for editorial meetings, a conference room was planned next door—where Jim McFadden's promotion shop was lodged. Mac obligingly moved up to the eighth floor. One time a) he was giving a party; b) the elevator was out; and c) John Coyne had badly twisted his knee running for a train. But John was not to be deterred. We gave him a head start, caught up to him on the fifth-floor landing, and didn't have long to wait before he joined the festivities.

The efficiency expert's conclusion was straightforward: 'It's physically impossible to produce a magazine in this setup.'

The stairs and the dumbwaiter were not the only means of communication between the second floor and the third. One afternoon in 1973 Executive Editor Daniel Oliver is looking out the window when a scroll descends before him. No, not a mandate from Heaven, but welcome nonetheless: it is Governor Reagan's overdue article "Reflections on the Failure of Proposition #1," sent via Western Union on a continuous sheet of paper, which WFB is unwinding from the balcony, just, he explains later, to see how long it is.

Dan's office (later inhabited by Kevin Lynch, then Chilton Williamson, now David Klinghoffer) is next to the one that Priscilla shared for twenty years with Jim Burnham. We've had a lot of fun in that office. It is where our Pentagon Papers hoax was hatched (in which our serious purpose was to demonstrate that there was nothing in the Pentagon Papers that could not have been deduced by anyone with a certain geopolitical understanding; but in which our equally serious purpose was to twist the tails of the *New York Times* and *Washington Post*); it is where the Swiss Edition was executed (another hoax, this one private: a page of editorial paragraphs crafted to outrage WFB's sensibilities, the page lovingly pasted into the copy of the magazine that would be sent to him in Switzerland. It worked almost too well. Years later I asked him why he responded in writing instead of by phone. "Because I was afraid the wires would burn up," he replied); it is where, on the phonograph Bill had given Priscilla, Dan Oliver introduced the junior staffers to Flanders and Swann (and where Dan's son Drew, our articles editor, now sits).

But Priscilla's office is also where the staff is assembled for those announcements that are better heard in the company of one's friends: that Frank Meyer, afflicted with cancer, died on Easter morning; that Elsie Meyer, unable to bear her widowhood any longer, has committed suicide; that Jim Burnham has had a severe stroke; that Jimmy O'Bryan, thought to be recovering from cancer, has died.

In 1980, in our 25th anniversary issue, WFB wrote: "It is I think a symbol of the continuity of this journal that Whittaker [Chambers], who if he were living would be the oldest, at eighty, of the founding editors, occupied the same little office now occupied by the youngest Senior Editor of NATIONAL REVIEW, Richard Brookhiser, who is 25"—the same office latterly occupied by Jeff Hart. After December 20 there will be no office for some future editor to occupy. But we may pray that Whittaker's spirit—and those of Mabel Wood, and John Chamberlain, and Maureen Buckley O'Reilly, and Nick King, and so many others—will accompany us two blocks south, and keep us ever mindful of their legacy. □

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CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

MEMORANDUM

To: All NR Classified Advertisers
From: Tony Savage

In the spirit of this joyous season of giving and gratitude, I want to thank personally everyone who advertised in this section during the past year. It was an interesting, albeit ultimately disappointing year, at least politically. The Good Guys managed to keep control of Congress but, alas, the Bad Guy (and Mrs. B. G.) are still ensconced in the White House for four more, interminably long years (or maybe less, pending possible grand jury indictments, special-prosecutor findings, etc.).

However, the good news is that free enterprise is still (relatively) alive & well across the land, and that's what this section is all about: willing buyers, willing sellers. I trust that the various transactions initiated by these pages were beneficial to all parties involved. It was for me, in every single instance, a pleasure doing business with each of you who made the Right Choice, i.e., the decision to advertise your goods or services in *National Review*. Our rates will remain the same for 1997, despite the fact that Ed Capano tells me we are currently experiencing an exciting new surge in circulation. But even if we had a million subscribers, those of you who advertise in the Classifieds would still receive the same, personalized service you've always gotten (provided Ed would spring for an assistant, or two!). Meanwhile, I wish you all a wonderful holiday season, and a healthy, happy, and prosperous New Year.

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HEATH

(Continued from page 33)

"Oh-h-h, rejection of personality, denial of self," said Jim grandly. "Practically the central thesis of Christian theology."

"Of course, *I* don't go to a Catholic college, but *I* think that's Communist theory, not Christian theology," I told him. "In any case, could you come down from those philosophic heights and join us shepherds down here with our ewes (female sheep) and rams (male sheep)?"

"If you insist," said Jim, with the impudent grin of the 21-year-old whose dear mother is incontrovertibly in the right, and besides, it's right down there in black and white.

But I was too weary to go on. "Children," I said. "Let's just do one song absolutely *perfectly*. Let's concentrate on 'Silent Night,' because that's the one we know best anyway. Pam and Priscilla can do the alto, John can do the descant, the rest of you just sing nice and softly, and Buckley, I don't want to hear one single *note* below middle C."

They lined up, looking very clean and handsome and holy, Jim and John at the back, Timothy and Janet on either side of Pam at the piano, and the middle echelon sensibly and unquarrelsomely distributed in the middle according to heights. Just like the Trapp family, I thought to myself happily. Pam turned and gave them all a long and, I hoped, extremely stern look, before she turned back to play the opening measures.

"*Silent night, holy night*," nine young voices chanted softly, and I noticed Jennifer and Betsey beginning to break up in twinkles and dimples. "*All is calm, all is bright*," they went on, John's recorder piping low and clear. Buckley and Alison clapped their hands briefly over their mouths. "*Round John Virgin, Mother and Child*," the chorus swelled sweetly, and I rapped hard on the piano. "Just who," I asked, in my most restrained voice, "is Round John Virgin?"

"One of the 12 opossums," the ten young voices answered promptly, and they collapsed over the piano, from the piano bench onto the floor, convulsed by their delicate wit.

And that's why we didn't have this year's Christmas-carol program. □

BROOKHISER

(Continued from page 40)

ly true: Jefferson had the advice of a drafting committee, and Congress blue-penciled what it considered Jefferson's eccentricities (chiefly a theory of British immigration, and a convoluted argument that George III was a patron of the slave trade). The corporate view would also refute an old polemic (tempting to many conservatives) against the Declaration as utopian hot air. Its contemporaries didn't think it was. John Adams and Benjamin Franklin served on the drafting committee; Congress endorsed the Declaration; Washington had it read to his troops. The Founders thought it expressed their thoughts, which they were willing to support with life, fortune, and sacred honor.

But we should not underestimate the contribution of draftsmen. Adams could not have done the job; he didn't write well enough. Franklin did, but in a very different vein (he would have produced a Declaration of Wryness). America needed to hit this pitch out of the park; Jefferson connected.

Great men are not always consistent, perhaps especially great writers. An even clearer case is Tom Paine, who held worthless opinions on a variety of subjects, and was unpleasant and ungrateful to boot. But in the bitter winter of 1776, as the melting Continental Army struggled across New Jersey, he dashed to Philadelphia and wrote, "These are the times that try men's souls." We will always owe him for that.

Dilettante, dreamer, fanatic, crackpot, bon vivant, pol—Thomas Jefferson at age 33 took the main role in writing our fundamental law. His place is secure. □

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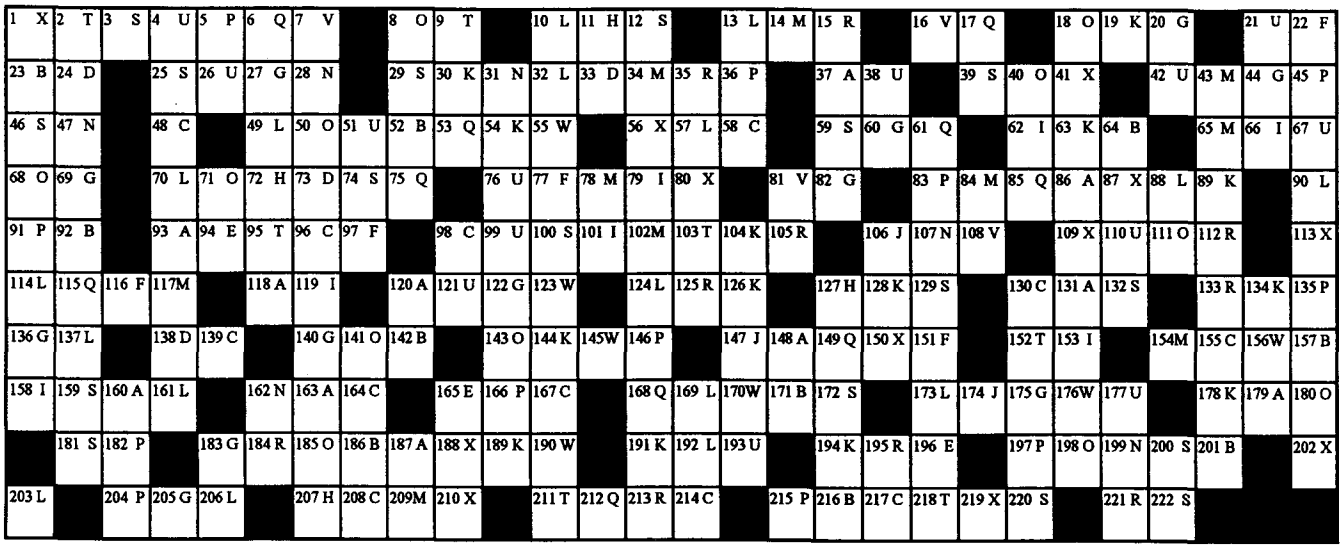
TRANS-O-GRAM / Siegfried R. Reiner



DEFINITIONS

A. Where Christ was born (2 words) — 37 163 118 160 187 148 86 179 131 93 120

B. Pastored — 171 52 142 216 201 186 23 64 157 92

C. "Who hath believed our report? and to whom is the _____ revealed?" (4 words) — 48 96 98 208 139 130 214 155 167 217 58 164

D. Object of misplaced worship — 33 24 138 73

E. Hail — 165 94 196

F. "Oh, the _____, she bears a berry, as blood is it red." — 77 22 116 151 97

G. Fowl end ordained for our yuletide feast (2 words) — 183 60 136 27 20 69 44 122 82 175 140 205

H. One of those rooms to be decked with boughs — 11 127 207 72

I. Gospel — 153 66 158 101 62 119 79

J. Seventh Wednesday before Easter — 106 147 174

K. "And away they all flew like the _____." (4 words) — 89 144 126 128 63 191 54 30 19 104 178 194 134 189

L. "Yea, though I walk through the _____ of death." (4 words) — 70 32 124 169 88 137 192 203 10 49 206 173 114 90 161 57 13

M. Santa's trouser/tunic size (2 words) — 43 84 102 154 78 117 14 209 34 65

N. "And Heaven, and Heaven, and _____ sing!" — 107 162 47 199 31 28

O. Object of Galahad's quest (3 words) — 18 141 180 40 198 111 8 185 68 71 50 143

P. Genesis through Malachi (2 words) — 135 166 146 182 45 215 36 5 197 83 91 204

Q. Distant as Judea's plains (3 words) — 17 212 61 168 115 6 149 53 85 75

R. "_____, the stars are brightly shining." (3 words) — 184 195 125 112 15 105 221 133 35 213

S. Where Daddy kisses Mommy (3 words) — 100 220 129 3 46 200 172 132 25 181 29 222 159 74 39 59 12

T. Isaak's bride — 2 9 152 95 218 103 211

U. "Ten _____ " Nine ladies dancing, (2 words) — 21 99 193 42 76 26 177 67 121 4 110 38 51

V. David's grandfather — 16 81 7 108

W. Wassailing, toasting the boar's head, etc. — 190 170 156 123 176 145 55

X. Dante plumbed them (3 words) — 210 41 1 87 109 113 202 56 188 219 80 150

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill in the puzzle diagram by guessing the words from their definitions, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled in it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the words have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's Deluxe Unabridged Dictionary*, Second Edition.

Solution to last issue's Trans-O-Gram. G. WASHINGTON: *First Inaugural*: "There exists in the economy and course of nature an indissoluble union between virtue and happiness, between duty and advantage, between the genuine maxims of an honest and magnanimous policy, and the solid rewards of public prosperity and felicity."

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ON THE RIGHT / Wm. F. Buckley Jr.

Cleaning Up Social Security

NEW YORK, DECEMBER 6

Senator Thomas Daschle has embarrassed some of his Democratic colleagues by his exchange with columnist Robert Novak on the matter of the Social Security trust fund, and all of this in a season in which privatization is in the air.

To focus on the question, we'll use round numbers.

—Say, 60 people are receiving Social Security payments, whereas 180 are paying Social Security taxes.

That is, three times as many people are paying into the Social Security pool as are drawing from it. The result is a surplus of *x*. We call that the Social Security Trust Fund.

But as you would expect, *x* burns a hole in the pocket of Uncle Sam and he can't resist borrowing from it to reduce the projected current deficit, which, without help, would be 4*x*. So he spends the money in the trust fund and leaves a calling card: "IOU *x*. Many thanks, Sam." The government, having acquired *x* and spent it on aircraft carriers and interest on outstanding loans and champagne for foreign visitors, can report that its annual deficit is reduced. If it had been necessary to borrow the money other than from itself, this would have been acknowledged as a plain debt. But since it is a kind of in-house arrangement, the accountants don't put it quite in that corner, if you see what I mean; which isn't easy to do in part because I don't know quite how to say it.

Here is how it was handled in Mr. Novak's exchange with the Democratic minority leader: "Senator, do you believe there is a Social Security trust fund?"

"Ah yes, I do."

"What's in it? Can you tell me what's in it?

"Legally, there is a requirement that that money can be invested, and you could call that a fund, yes."

"But there is no such fund?"

"No, there is no such fund per se."

To go now to the other end of the economic cycle, the year is 2012. Now there are 100 people getting Social Security (the baby-boomers are beginning to retire), and only 120 paying into Social Security. The result is that the "fund" is drawn down, and by the year 2039, it has disappeared. What, exactly, has disappeared? Answer: The government's fictitious obligation to an abstraction. The only thing that has been accomplished by that flurry of computer-bytes is the illusion that we have spent $50 billion less, per year, than in fact we have.

The panel set up to investigate the future of Social Security is divided on what should be done. Five of its thirteen members believe that at least one part of the money taken in every time a paycheck is issued should revert to an account for the benefit of the payer, to be invested in stocks and bonds. This would mean a) that income to the participant would grow (in every ten-year interval, stocks have done better than government bonds), and that b) the individual would have personal control over a part of what has become a U.S. pension fund (he could decide to retire early or late), and c) a capital pool would materialize (dollars going not into the phony trust fund, but to sure-enough enterprises, that hire people, pay taxes, and pay dividends).

The Chilean government has been doing this since 1983 and the results, so far, are gratifying, giving Chilean participants five times the return on their savings accumulated under Social Security. What if a great economic blight were to descend over us, freezing us into a depression as severe as that of the Thirties but much longer? In Chile, a government guarantee kicks in, and whatever happened to the portfolio of the Chilean pensioner, he would be guaranteed a 3 per cent return.

"Look, I never said enlightenment would be easy."

It wasn't designed in that way, Social Security "insurance" having first been thought of as insurance against destitution. But as it was transmuted into a general pension plan, there are side effects not fully parsed, among them the question: How responsible is this general pension for the low rate of savings? And then if savings are abnormally low, when contrasted with the savings of other industrial societies, what effect is hyper-consumption having on inflation? On interest rates?

Questions to ponder, but to ponder them usefully requires a little hygiene in the language, and this could logically begin by forbidding the use of "trust fund" to describe the IOU from Uncle Sam to Uncle Sam. □

The Price of Boutros Boutros-Ghali

NEW YORK, DECEMBER 3

On the day that the Boutros-Ghali question came to the crunch at the United Nations, Speaker Newt Gingrich was telling friends that in fact the United States can't dodge its formal responsibilities to the UN's exchequer. So the Speaker of the House, a conservative Republican, has put his frank on paying the UN the $1.5 billion we owe it. Why has that been a problem? And what is the murk all about?

In recent weeks I have posed a question to Republican leaders and Beltway microbiologists: What was the purpose of the Clinton Administration in attempting to get rid of Boutros Boutros-Ghali? Was it the purpose of the United States Government to see to it that BBG was not there running the UN for five more years? Or was it our purpose to be seen by the American electorate as the David who slew the giant?

If the former had been the true intention of President Clinton, then, most diplomatic observers would agree, we'd have gone at it differently. One British diplomat put it this way: "The United States has the authority to deny the post of Secretary General to anyone it disapproves of. But it is the entire purpose of diplomacy to encourage partners in any diplomatic enterprise. The diplomatic resources of the United States were never used to try to get the help of its most obvious partners, Great Britain and France." Indeed, and we ended without the help of any

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UN member. What we succeeded in duplicating was the image of what the Soviet Union, in the early life of the UN, so regularly did: Them, against the world.

So then why did we decline finesse in our handling of the situation? Because Mr. Clinton wanted to humiliate the UN in public. Why? Dumb question: He thought it politically useful. Why? Because BBG had got the reputation of autocratic handling of public issues, of traveling hither and yon moralizing about this and that. And more important, the UN (under BBG) was seen as the authority in charge of such operations as we entered into in Bosnia. The dramatization of the point happened last year when an Army medic refused to obey an order to wear UN insignia on the grounds that he had sworn allegiance to his country, not to the UN. (The medic lost: the military court ruled that he was insubordinate in refusing to do what his American officers told him to do.)

Mr. Clinton had been exposed to enough Bronx cheers directed at the idea of UN supremacy over U.S. ground forces to get the point. The decision was then made not to cause BBG to slither away, but to decapitate him. And this has caused the problems we are now facing.

In part because France was an early sponsor of BBG, in part because the issue of military commanders has arisen within the context of NATO, the Chirac government has been front and center in the opposition to our plans to remove BBG. The parliamentary leverage of France is considerable, not only because it has a veto but also because one-third of the African republics, which are BBG's most ardent sponsors, are francophones with long-standing cultural ties to France. Prime Minister Chirac, who in the past has been ardently pro-U.S., seems to be spoiling for a fight, a result of tangled problems within his own country: so that fuel was added to the fire when he tossed off the remark that if anything "idiotic" were to be done, one could count on an American to do it. (Probably right. On the other hand, no American ever went to Montreal and shouted out, "*Québec libre!*")

It isn't quite clear what would happen if the U.S. continued to veto BBG, and France continued to veto a U.S.-backed substitute. The General Assembly might then vote to accept incumbent management, pending clarification of the Security Council impasse. But that would be a fratricidal alternative, and the U.S., short of retreating on the expulsion of BBG, is apparently not disposed to engage in a hundred years' war with France.

The conclusions of Speaker Gingrich are therefore especially relevant. The UN is starving to death. If the functionaries there thought that conciliation might bring the billion-odd owed by the U.S., the adversaries might be ready for a little triage. BBG dead is worth a billion dollars, and France is awfully good at making shrewd economic decisions, even if it can't handle its truckers. □

Carl Rowan's Lurch

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 12

Mr. Al Neuharth, the publisher emeritus of *USA Today*, advised his readers, "This is a book that will scare the bejesus out of most of us." He is talking about Carl Rowan's *The Coming Race War in America*. "[Rowan] makes a scary case that hatemongers are hurling us toward an inevitable racial Armageddon."

In the event you haven't time to read this column to the end, let me reassure you right away that there is every reason for all of us to be scared by Jesus, Who ordained that we should lead better lives than most of us do, but there is no reason for the bejesus to be scared out of us by the book in question, which is alarmist, silly, and quite stupid.

Mr. Neuharth, in his review, repeats the names of the ten principal "hatemongers" in America. It is at times like these that one sighs for the better days when the libel laws could be invoked. Among the top ten hatemongers in America, if you will believe Carl Rowan—which you will do if you take leave of your senses—are Newt Gingrich and Richard Cohen (of the *Washington Post*). Why is Newt Gingrich a hatemonger? "For a generation we have seen a law-enforcement version of genocide: our failed drug war has incarcerated, or destroyed the reputations of, a fourth of the young black men in this country. And now we hear a Democratic President, Bill Clinton, endorse 'boot camps' for first-time violators of the law. And Newt Gingrich urging a 'wartime' stance in which the Federal Government builds detention camps. Welcome to the old South Africa and Nazi Germany!"

The opening line in Mr. Rowan's book is, "Sensational, inflammatory journalism has never been my style. I have never written dire prophecies of human disasters except when there was compelling evidence that calamity was at hand."

Well, is such evidence at hand? Yes, it is all over the place, says Mr. Rowan. There is "the cruelly bigoted rhetoric that often befouls the well of the House of Representatives." The "swastikas and Ku Klux Klan symbols that festoon our military barracks." That *what* our barracks? *Decorate* our barracks?

But that is the way Mr. Rowan writes. Here he is on Ronald Reagan. "No President in my lifetime ever played the race card to such political benefit as Reagan did. His fulminations about welfare, his loud support of states' rights, his publicity stunts—including opening a re-election campaign in Philadelphia, Mississippi, where three civil-rights workers (two Jewish, one black) had been murdered—helped to rip most of the South away from Democratic control."

If you can be brought to believe that President Reagan opened his re-election campaign in a town in Mississippi because three civil-rights workers had been murdered there, intending to identify himself with the cause of the murderers, then you are ready to believe that Carl Rowan has his wits about him.

"What I will never forget or forgive is that Reagan had no minorities of consequence inside his campaign team. His Cabinet had only one black man in it, and he was embarrassing. And worst of all, Reagan went eight years refusing to talk to any civil-rights leaders."

Now get this, the very next sentence. After Reagan's "refusal to talk to any civil-rights leaders." Ready? "When I asked him why, in 1988, he invited me to lunch." That is how difficult it was for a prominent black to get a look at President Reagan. You call him up, he asks you to lunch.

What did he say at lunch?

"They criticized me upon my election, so I just said, 'To hell with 'em.'" There are several possible reactions on the part of the reader. 1) Rowan misquoted Reagan. (People who know Reagan well know the intensity of his commitment to racial equality.) 2) Reagan said it, in the sense of: "What can I do with civil-rights leaders who insist on being hostile to me?" And 3) Reagan said it and went on to guard against the kind of interpretation Rowan has of course put on it.

It goes on. Irving Kristol "dispenses quota crap." "In September, the newspaper of the Invisible Empire, Knights of the Ku Klux Klan, declared Reagan its favorite candidate, asserting that 'the Republican platform reads as if it were written by a Klansman.'" Well, Mr. Rowan's book reads as if it were written by a besotted simpleton, which it was. □

(Universal Press Syndicate)

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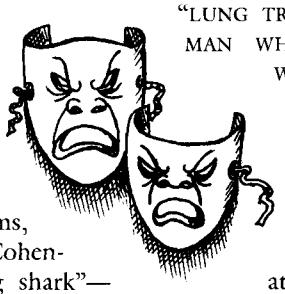
THE MISANTHROPE'S CORNER

FLORENCE KING

TEMPUS fidgets, as Cicero used to say. It's the end of yet another year and time for my "Miscellaneous Misanthropy" column, the fruit of a computer file called "Mis.Mis" where I dump all the opinions and observations I didn't have room for in previous columns. When the time comes, all it takes is a couple of keystrokes and up pops an effortless year-end roundup.



This year we have a problem. Now that my column appears in every issue I don't have all that many notes left over. I do have a lot of unused news items, such as my favorite Richard Cohenism of 1996—"person-eating shark"—but so what? Political correctness is now so widespread that you could probably top it with an even more idiotic clipping of your own.

The situation calls for a new kind of Mis.Mis, and I have found one: the annual Christmas letter. You know—they come in red or green envelopes addressed in silver or gold metallic ink and open with "Hi, Everybody!" It's the preferred form of communication of people who have so many friends that there is no other way to keep in touch with them all. The Christmas letter used to be laboriously mimeographed, but now a simple computer mail merge can send the identical letter to thousands, all of whom feel disoriented after reading it because writers of Christmas letters typically try to mix the oil of good cheer with the water of stream-of-consciousness. But that never happens to me, so sit back, relax, and begin. . . .

Dear Gentle Reader:

I'm writing this on Thanksgiving Day, a holiday I celebrate with scrupulous attention to its central place in French history. I had two fried pork chops, a baked potato with sour cream, and turnip greens fried in the pork-chop grease. No Southern cook wastes grease. Besides, in case my plan to commit passive suicide with tobacco doesn't work, I'll need a backup.

I woke up in a bad mood because I knew there wouldn't be anything in the morning papers except columns and editorials about Thanksgiving, and features about local families with something mind-boggling to be thankful for. One of the latter contained this headline: "LUNG TRANSPLANT KEEPS ALIVE A MAN WHOSE BROTHER'S ORGANS WERE DONATED 6 YEARS AGO." I've written headlines, and that's not a headline, it's a fugue.

No faxes today. I love faxes. Yesterday I got one from an editor at another conservative magazine who wanted permission to quote something I said to him in a phone conversation last summer. I asked him not to, explaining that *viva voce* quotes are dangerous; they might be picked up and requoted wrong, either by accident or design, and there would be no published version under my byline to prove what I really said.

Afterwards I felt guilty. How could I be so rigid? So unfair? So cruel? Searching for a way to make it up to him, I hit upon a simple solution. Here it is. In his phone call last summer he asked me what I thought of the Democrats' convention, and I replied: "Poor white trash of all races." There. Now he has a published version under my byline that he can quote whenever he likes. Never let it be said that I'm not thoughtful of others.

No mail on holidays, either, but yesterday I got a beaut. It was a chiding note from the Crippled Chipmunks, my generic name for those charity outfits who make return-address stickers and send them out unsolicited, along with a request for a donation. Yesterday's note said: "We hope you're enjoying your new stickers. There's every chance that your donation is in the mail right now. Naturally, you don't have to send us anything. The stickers are a free gift from us, but . . ."

It reminded me of the time I wrote for *Penthouse* and a reader sent me nude photos of himself, with a note saying "Please return the photos." If the Crippled Chipmunks sent out an order blank and a price list I'd buy their stickers, but I won't be diddled.

These particular stickers were guaranteed to irritate me because they said "Florence F. King." My middle name happens to be Virginia, but that's not the point. A spinster never uses a middle initial; if I signed myself "Florence V. King" I would be signaling that I am either married to or divorced from a man named King, and that my maiden name begins with V. Observing this simple point of etiquette would have made "Ms." unnecessary.

REMEMBER Taki's *NR* piece about what makes a woman alluring? I was going to write a similar piece on men, but the only alluring man I could think of was Aleksandr Lebed. That is less a measure of my libido than of the debilitating effects of Campaign '96 on my life-force in general. Let's just say, in the passive spirit of "mistakes were made," that permanent damage was done.

The sound of male voices talking, talking, talking, made me want to run away and join the ladies' auxiliary of the French Foreign Legion. Politicians are naturally garrulous but something new has entered the picture. Desperate to close the gender gap and capture the women's vote by proving that they, too, can "open up" and "articulate their feelings," they have turned into female impersonators.

The prize for the season's great leap forward into transsexualism goes to Lamar! Alexander. Back in October he floated his idea of using vouchers to send inner-city kids to suburban schools. Asked how he would handle the certain protests of suburban parents, he said, "I'd ask them: would you rather have them walk into the front door of your school, or climb into your window at night?"

He's turned into Gracie Allen. The rhetorical roots of his argument can be found in the routine in which George Burns makes her return the $10 lamp she put on their charge account. When the store gives her a credit slip, she thinks she has $10 more than before and tells George he can now afford to take her out to dinner.

Shine, perishing republic. Talk to you next year. □

Miss King is the author of The Florence King Reader *and other books.*

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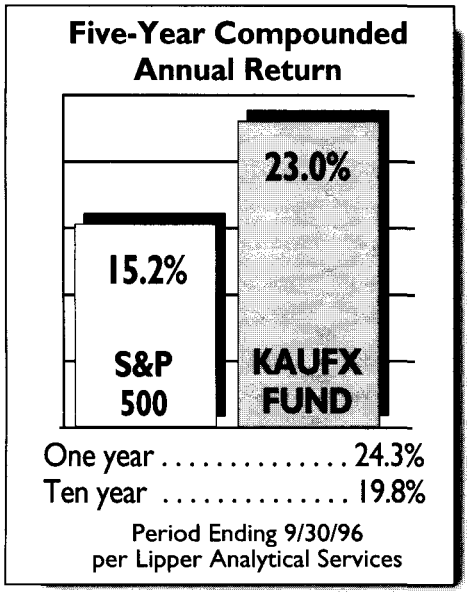

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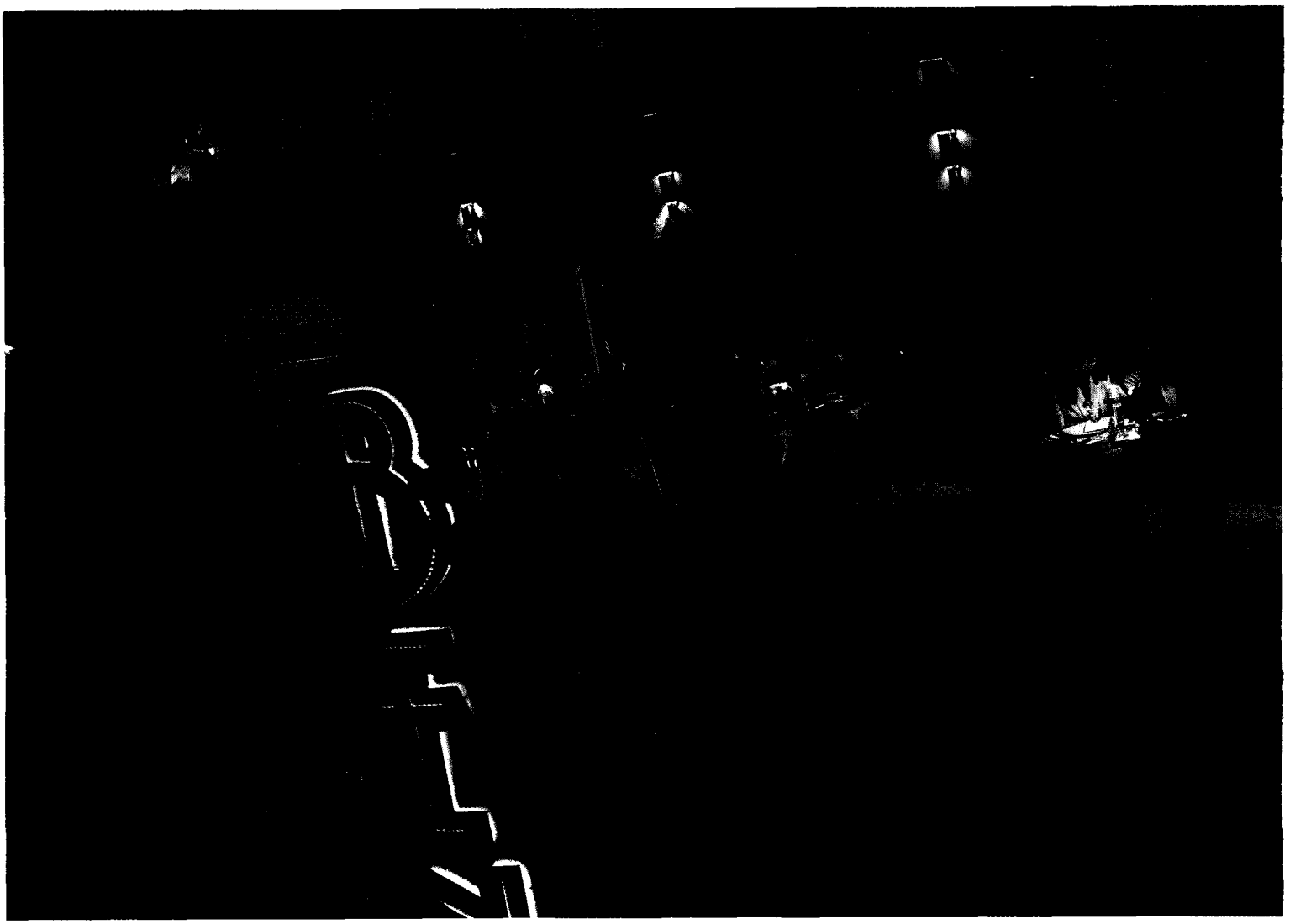
The only thing allowed to smoke in some restaurants these days is the grill.
For a great smoke, dine out.



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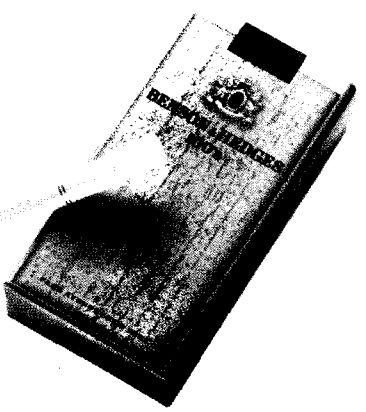

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